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JOHN BULL

Vol. XI. No. 277. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 23, 1911. ONE PENNY

[Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.]

For meaning of this No. see Page ii. of cover.

The world is a bundle of hay;
Mankind are the asses who pull;
Each tugs it a different way,
And the greatest of all is John Bull

—BYRON.

Edited by
HORATIO BOTTOMLEY.

III

A STRIKING ARTICLE

"The Persecuted Princess"

Being some Romantic

EPISODES IN THE LIFE OF THE

Ex-Crown Princess of Saxony

APPEARS IN THIS WEEK'S

MRS. BULL

Now on Sale. ***Buy it To-day***

AND

EVERY TUESDAY—1d.

SEASIDE ENTERTAINMENT COUPON.

Available until SEPTEMBER 27. See page 432.

BARGAINS IN
SECOND-HAND FURNITURE.
TO BE SOLD PRIVATELY BY
The NEWMAN & OXFORD STREET FURNITURE & ANTIQUE DEPOSITORIES (Ltd.),
92, 93, & 94, NEWMAN STREET, OXFORD STREET, W.

The following goods having been removed from Holland Road, Kensington: Glenheim Mansions, Lisson Grove; Summerville Road, Thames Ditton; Maddox Street, W.; Goldhurst Terrace, Hampstead; Westhill, St. Leonards-on-Sea; Theobald's Park, and elsewhere, are offered at half the original cost, and comprise, amongst other articles too numerous to mention, the following general household effects. Bedroom furniture—6 oak bedroom suites, from £4 15s.; 3 white enamelled bedroom suites, from £4 4s.; 5 solid oak bedroom suites, with large wardrobe and dressing table, with side cheval glasses, £5 17s. 6d.; walnut bedroom suite, reflex mirrors to dressing table, £8 8s.; an inlaid Sheraton design mahogany bedroom suite, £7 17s. 6d.; a similar suite, £10 15s.; 4 ft. to 6 in. inlaid Sheraton design bedroom suite, oval glass door to wardrobe, 12 guineas; 4 ft. inlaid Sheraton design bedroom suite, with Beaconsfield wardrobe, £15 10s.; 5 ft. mahogany bedroom suite, with 2 oval doors to wardrobe, reflex mirrors to dressing table, 19 guineas; 6 ft. inlaid Sheraton design bedroom suite, fitted drawers and trays, 24 guineas; 6 ft. Louis design mahogany bedroom suite, 23 guineas; 6 ft. walnut bedroom suite, 40 guineas; 7 ft. inlaid Sheraton design bedroom suite, with bow front to wardrobe, 60 guineas; 7 ft. satinwood bedroom suite, 10 guineas; several inlaid chests, from 50s.; 6 ft. walnut wardrobe, 15 guineas; 6 ft. 6 in. mahogany wardrobe, fitted drawers and trays, 12 guineas; several iron bedsteads, from 9s.; black and brass bedsteads, 10s.; full size black and brass bedsteads, with wire springs, 21s.; 9 oak bedsteads, 15s.; pair brass twin bedsteads, 5 guineas; pair white and brass twin bedsteads, 3 guineas; inlaid Sheraton bedstead, including wire spring mattress, £3 15s.; full size all brass bedstead, 60s.; pair mahogany twin bedsteads, £2 19s. 6d.; full size all brass square tube Italian bedstead, 8 guineas, and several others up to 18 guineas. The Dining Room furniture comprises fumed oak dining room suite, consisting of large size sideboard, 6 chairs, 2 carving chairs, overmantel, dining table, rug, etc., will accept £13 7s. 6d. the lot; most massive carved oak Elizabethan design dining room set, consisting of sideboard with bevelled plate glass back, oxydised copper fittings, fitted cellarette, 6 massive carved oak chairs, and 2 carving chairs to match, dining table, 16 guineas the set; a similar set, with large sideboard and 2 lounge easy chairs, upholstered in red leather, 25 guineas; magnificent oak dining room suite, £8 15s.; oak suite, in green pegamoid, £3 19s. 6d.; sideboard to match, 4 guineas; overmantel, 30s.; Queen Anne design dining room suite, £5 15s.; sideboard to match, £7 15s.; dining table, £2 15s.; handsome Queen Anne design mahogany dining room set, upholstered in red leather, £7 19s. 6d. dining table to match, 4 guineas; Chippendale design set of chairs, ball and claw feet, exquisite design, 12 guineas; oak, walnut and mahogany sideboards, large variety in stock, from £4 10s. to 40 guineas; about 50 odd dining room chairs; 20 dining tables, from 21s.; oak bureau, 21s.; pedestal writing tables; roll top desks, all sizes; revolving bookcases; a most superb Chesterfield, and 2 large club easy chairs to match in green leather, £15 10s.; mahogany secretaire bookcase, enclosed by 2 glass doors, cupboards, under 8 guineas. The Drawing Room furniture comprises very fine drawing room suite, upholstered in art tapestry, £3 10s.; another design suite, £6 10s.; satinwood finish drawing room suite, 7 guineas; an elegant design Louis XIV. gilt drawing room suite, £19 10s.; another set, similar design, 14 guineas.; Chesterfield drawing room suite, with 2 large lounge easy chairs, and 4 solid mahogany chairs, most exquisite design, £12 19s. 6d.; large size double sprung Chesterfield and 2 large easy chairs to match, covered in silk tapestry, 22 guineas; set of Dutch Marquetrie chairs, 14 guineas; handsome design Vernis Marten cabinet, 16 guineas; another, 12 guineas; Buhl cabinet, 11 guineas; another, 14 guineas; table en suite, 8 guineas; Chesterfields, from £3 10s. to 10 guineas; Chippendale design cabinet, £2 19s. 6d.; similar one, £5 15s.; Sheraton design cabinet, £3 15s.; Sheraton design specimen table, 50s.; occasional tables, from 12s. 6d.; occasional chairs, 50 in stock, from 6s. 6d.; 2 white enamel over-mantels, 18s. 6d. and 27s. 6d.; oval gilt table, 10 guineas; pair 9-light candelabra, 6 guineas; 5-light candelabra, 10 guineas; clock in ormulu case, £8 15s.; piano, 8 guineas; an upright piano, iron frame, £12 15s.; ditto, by Carl Strauss, 20 guineas; and several others in stock up to 40 guineas; grand pianos by Steinway, Bechstein, Bluthner, etc. Large stock of carpets, Tapestry, Mirzapore, Turkey, and Oriental carpets and rugs to match, from 18s. 6d.; a large variety of Axminster and Wilton carpets, always in stock, from £2 15s. Hall furniture—Hall stands, from 20s.; hall cupboard, 3 guineas; large quantity of electro-plate, china, cutlery, kitchen utensils, curtains, bed and table linen, etc.

Country buyers should call and inspect these goods. All goods delivered Town or Country free of charge, or can remain stored 12 months free of charge. All goods can be seen where they are now lying for the convenience of sale, any day from 9 till 9, except Saturday, when we close at 7 o'clock, at

The NEWMAN & OXFORD STREET FURNITURE & ANTIQUE DEPOSITORIES (Ltd.), 92, 93, & 94, NEWMAN STREET, OXFORD STREET, W.,

one door from Oxford Street, three minutes from Tottenham Court Road, and Oxford Circus, and adjoining all principal Tubes. Telephone 1307 Central. £10,000 worth of second-hand furniture always on show. Catalogues now ready. Special attention given to Export Orders.

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Stock Exchange Operations thoroughly explained, also Call Options. How to open an account with limited risk. How to avoid Broker's Commissions. Contains Highest and Lowest Sales for last 15 years. Gratis from Publishers—

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(Successors to Freeborn, Franklin & Co., Established 1899),

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Our Weekly Ballot for 50 Helpers at Two Guineas Apiece.

Every copy of JOHN BULL bears upon its cover a distinctive number, and every week FIFTY of such numbers will be drawn and published.

To each of the holders of copies of JOHN BULL **of specified date,** bearing any of such numbers, we will, upon production within seven days of publication (a reasonable extension will be allowed to foreign and Colonial claimants) of a sufficient portion of the cover to identify the date and number, pay the sum of TWO GUINEAS in return for his using his best endeavour for one week to increase our circulation. Before the money is paid we require a full report of all work done.

The following claims have been received for our issue of August 12th:—

E. J. TRUELOVE, c/o H. Leetham and Sons, Ltd., Millers, Hungate, York. No. 956. August 12th.

C. E. WELFORD, 16, Oswald Street, Church, Lancs. No. 193,545. August 12th.

W. DOWER, 7, Chapel Street, Aberdeen. No. 270,844. August 12th.

F. FARROW, 8, Shepperd Street, Devons Road, Bow. No. 38,734. August 12th.

The following are the fifty numbers for our issue of August 26th:—

14180	227873	388725	614208	763023
29967	231604	419730	643395	772021
58462	248508	451064	660508	827323
80621	251147	466025	689591	830927
102855	262418	493184	710931	831672
114902	270629	509745	727377	848999
143631	279358	543135	731176	851642
178236	318983	548309	738837	862527
195284	338318	586944	750651	871112
214193	362357	598329	762031	879636

INITIAL NOUGHTS SHOULD BE DISREGARDED, BUT FINAL ONES ARE, OF COURSE, RECKONED.

THE FIFTY NUMBERS IN RESPECT OF THIS WEEK WILL BE ANNOUNCED IN OUR ISSUE DATED OCTOBER 21ST (PUBLISHED OCTOBER 19TH).

The John Bull League.

APPLICATION FOR MEMBERSHIP.

The General Secretary,
93, Long Acre, London, W.C.

Please enrol me as a Member and send me a Membership Badge, for which I enclose P.O. for 6d.

Name.....

Address.....

.....

JOHN BULL.

Politics without Party—Criticism without Cant :
Without Fear or Favour, Rancour or Rant.

Vol. XI. No. 277. Saturday, September 23rd, 1911. One Penny.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

Letters must be addressed to the Editor or the Publisher, at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C., according to whether they relate to Editorial or Business matters.
All editorial inquiries MUST BE MADE BY LETTER.

TO ADVERTISERS.

All applications for advertising spaces to be made to Messrs. Odhams Ltd., Advertising Dept., 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.

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Money Orders, etc., to be made payable to Odhams Limited, and forwarded to Publishing Department, 93, Long Acre, W.C.

TO READERS ABROAD.

JOHN BULL *is on sale at all Bookstalls and Newsagents throughout Great Britain and Ireland and the Continent as follows :—Paris, at the Railway Stations—Nord, Ouest, P.L.M., Orleans, l'Est : the principal Kiosques on the Boulevards, etc. : Messrs. W. H. Smith & Son's Bookshop, 248, rue de Rivoli : Libraries—Timotei, rue Castiglione : Brentano's, Avenue de l'Opera : Byron, rue Castiglione : Galignani, 224, rue de Rivoli : Anglaise, Avenue Victor Hugo : Charruet, rue d'Isty : Lebeau, Avenue Kleber : F. Tennant Pain, 18, rue Favart, Wholesale and Continental Representative. Railway Bookstalls and principal Libraries at Marseilles, Hyeres, Cannes, St. Raphael, Nice, Beaulieu, Monaco, Monte Carlo, Mentone. In India, A. H. Wheeler & Co., and all their railway bookstalls. It is also obtainable through Messrs. Gordon & Gotch's Agencies in the Colonies.*

THE JOHN BULL LEAGUE.

GRAND GALA DAY
AT THE
FESTIVAL OF EMPIRE, CRYSTAL PALACE, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 7th, 1911,

Prior to the Opening of the Autumn and Winter Campaign.

Continuous Fun and Frolic from 10 a.m. to 7 p.m.

GREAT PUBLIC MEETING
To be addressed by the President,
HORATIO BOTTOMLEY, ESQ., M.P.,
IN THE CENTRE TRANSEPT, at 7.30 p.m.,
When he will announce his Political Intentions and the Programme of the League.

Special Reduced Terms for admission to Festival of Empire and all attractions.

CONFERENCE OF DISTRICT CHAIRMEN AND SECRETARIES AT SIX O'CLOCK.

During the afternoon BURGESS will give a Swimming Exhibition, after which he will be presented with the "JOHN BULL" CUP and CHEQUE.

For further particulars and Coupon for Railway Pass, &c., see page 438.

THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE DEVIL.

[*The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.*]

CABINET AND HOME RULE.

We have every reason to believe that considerable friction exists within the Cabinet in regard to the provisions of the Home Rule Bill, and we shall not be at all surprised to see the difficulty solved by a dissolution of Parliament next year.

THE PARTY GAME.

The Liberal party is never tired of protesting its desire to see as many citizens as possible upon the Parliamentary Register ; and yet a special "Liberal" agent was sent down to South Hackney during the recent revision of the lists to raise as many technical objections as possible to any voter, even though a Liberal, who could be suspected of sympathy with the sitting Member. Such is the Party game!

SIR JOHN BENN AND SOUTH HACKNEY.

We have the best authority for stating that there is no foundation whatever for the recent rumour that Sir John Benn contemplates opposing the sitting Member for South Hackney. Sir John knows a game worth two of that.

POOR EDITOR!

"A Friend" writes :—"Be on your guard. They mean mischief again. As soon as you are through your present troubles, the Public Prosecutor is going to have another go at you, and this time, he says, you won't slip through his fingers." Oh, dear us!

UNCLAIMED BANK BALANCES.

When we first raised this question in Parliament, Mr. Lloyd George pooh-poohed the idea of there being any substantial sums in hand, and put the total at "about half a million." But, of course, under a Business Government he would not only have declined to accept the assurances of the bankers themselves, but would have asked the Postmaster-General how much *he* had in the shape of dormant balances in the Post Office Savings Bank—when he would have been told that there are nearly 3½ million dead accounts! It may, of course, be that the average balance is small, but the total must represent a tidy sum.

M.P.'S AND THEIR SALARIES.

We would point out to those M.P.'s who object to being paid that all they have to do is to decline to sign the Paymaster's Warrant—and then the money will remain in the Treasury.

THE LEAGUE DAY.

The John Bull League Day at the Palace on October 7th looks like being a big thing. By the way, what has become of the "Independent Political Association"? We shall be pleased to reserve a carriage for its members.

GRATITUDE AT ST. LEONARDS.

A boatman recently rescued from what the junior reporter calls a watery grave three gentlemen who had been bathing. "A large crowd witnessed the rescue," says a local paper, and the three men on leaving the boat were profuse in their expressions of gratitude to the boatman for having saved their lives, and asked him to wait until they had been to their rooms and returned, when they would reward him for his services. Accordingly, the boatman waited—waited, in point of fact, for two solid hours. Then it was that one of the trinity appeared in the offing, and presently heaving-to, presented the astonished mariner with half-a-crown. The gent had evidently, during the interval, been considering the economic value of himself and his companions, and had come to the conclusion that they were worth tenpence apiece. Probably he was not far out; but they should remember it the next time they go out swimming, for the boatmen will probably calculate that if drowning men are worth only tenpence apiece, they can more profitably occupy themselves in catching fish.

NEW LUTON BOOKING OFFICE.

A week or two ago an eighteen-year-old lad was discharged from a steam trawler at Grimsby. From Grimsby he walked to Kettering, intending to go to London in search of another ship. Hungry, footsore, and destitute, he was tempted to a cheap ride on the Midland Railway and eventually reached Luton, to be discovered minus the usual ticket. Luton magistrates offered him the hospitalities of the workhouse, but the lad "had never been in one and did not like going," and on the assurance of the police that the case was that of a horny-handed son of toil, they sentenced him to a day's imprisonment (which meant that he had to remain in court until it rose for the day), and paid his fare to London. We must keep a benignant eye on Alderman A. Wilkinson and Mr. T. Cain, the Luton J.P.'s. They seem entitled to our blessing.

PAID HERE.

Also the Mayor of Pontefract and those colleagues who sat with him upon the bench when he heard the explanation of a young fellow named Ibbotson, charged with being asleep while in charge of a horse and cart. He had started work at 6 o'clock in the morning, had been kept working in the yard until 2 o'clock in the afternoon, and had then been sent with the horse and cart to Pontefract, being found asleep at 11.45 at night. The Mayor said the bench would very much like to punish the masters instead of the boy; and having inflicted a fine of five shillings, they paid the money themselves. But the most iniquitous feature of this scandalous case is that the lad's masters discharged him because he refused to make "a similar journey under similar conditions." It is fortunate for them that their names are not disclosed.

THE AMERICA CUP.

The attitude of the New York Yacht Club in regard to the America Cup confirms the view we have over and over again expressed that the Yankee is about the most unsportsmanlike sportsman in the world. As Sir T. Lipton points out, if the old conditions are persisted in the Cup may as well be sent to a museum as a relic. There is ample power to alter the rules, and undoubtedly they would be altered in accord with the rules of every yacht club in the United States if the Yankees were anxious for a fair race. They are determined that there shall be no such race. They have the cup, and by hook or by crook—the latter preferred—they are determined that the old battered piece of silverware shall remain in New York until the Day of Judgment. Then it will probably melt.

JOBBERY FOR JUNIORS.

Apropos of the qualifying examination recently held by the Belfast Guardians for two junior appointments, it now appears that the Board not only did not elect the youths highest on the examination list, but actually elected two who had failed altogether. It is really a bit of most flagrant jobbery. Certain members of the Board had used all their influence to obtain the appointment of these two lads. They were set to work in the office of the Belfast Workhouse for months before the examination was announced, yet when they failed so utterly that, with the highest-named candidate obtaining 75½ marks and the lowest 54, they did not appear on the list at all, a majority of members pitchforked them into positions which the two on the top of the list should have filled by the right of having fairly won them. The whole episode is a disgrace to the Belfast Board.

THE WRONG HAND.

A few days ago, Inspector Whitlock, of the Birmingham Tramways Department, reported a conductor for starting his car by ringing the bell with the wrong hand. In due course the man had notice to appear for judgment at the head office, where he was informed by the traffic superintendent that he "must not do it again" or he would be severely dealt with, the conductor losing the three hours' rest to which he was entitled before going on duty again for seven hours. According to order, the proper way to start a Birmingham tramcar is for the conductor to turn his back to the passenger and ring the bell with his left hand; which is positive proof that the left is right and the right is wrong. Rumour in the city has it that the traffic superintendent presently intends to issue an order that conductors shall stop cars by standing on their heads and kicking the bell with the large toe of the right foot.

BELATED CHURCH ACCOUNTS.

"Mr. Willmore (one of the Churchwardens) hands in the following statement of the Parish Room Funds, to be followed doubtless by a more detailed account," says the *Bexley Heath and Welling Parish Magazine*. We trust Mr. Willmore will. Here they are:—"Receipts, April, 1905, to May 4, 1911, £202 0s. 6d. Deficit, £27 5s. 8d. Expenditure, April, 1905, to May 4, 1911, £229 6s. 2d." It is obvious that a churchwarden ought to be able to do rather better than this in six years. Perhaps the vicar can assist Mr. Willmore to more explanatory accountancy?

BUSINESS IS BUSINESS.

The Hound Parish Council have had a lamplighter in their employ for ten years—one Cousins. A few weeks ago the members had an uneasy sort of feeling that they were paying Mr. Cousins too much for his services, wherefore they offered the parish lamplighting for tender. The tenders having been solemnly and conscientiously opened at a meeting, another gentleman was declared the winner at 18s. a week, as the majority considered they were "doing their duty in the interests of the ratepayers by effecting a weekly saving of 5s. 6d. a week." However, Mr. Cousins is to have an official testimonial setting forth his valued services to the parish for the past ten years. Which is all very well in its way; but surely the members might club together and present poor Cousins with a more substantial token of their appreciation and esteem—say half-an-ounce of baccy and a box of matches.

SAFETY.

The aged inmates of Belmont Workhouse have been provided by a thoughtful Board of Guardians with safety razors in order that they may shave themselves with ease and comfort. Who says we do not look after our poor?

THE SAME OLD GAME.

One hundred and forty-nine applications were received by the South Manchester Guardians in response to their recent advertisements for four Registrars, and many of them were first-class, experienced candidates. The best men were rejected in favour of (1) Mr. D. C. Goodman, an unsuccessful candidate at the last two Guardian elections, a master printer; (2) Mr. J. O. Loughlin, who has held a position in the electrical department of the Manchester Corporation, a son of one of the members of the Board; and (3 and 4) two ladies. But things will probably be fairly balanced by and bye; for it is believed that when the Board require a new Clerk they will advertise for somebody who can cut hair, and appoint somebody versed in the manufacture of pickled red cabbage.

SLEEPWALKING AT BURY.

According to evidence given by his employer, a man charged at Bury with being asleep while in charge of horses "can fall asleep standing up." In inflicting a penalty of 10s. and costs, the chairman of magistrates said that "if he came up again for the same offence" he would be sent to gaol without the option of a fine. It may seem a horrible threat, but in point of fact this lamentable somnambulist is quite safe. He will never come up again for the same offence.

DEGREYDING POLICY.

Sir Edward Grey may be reluctantly patted on the back for his belated acknowledgment of the Portuguese Republic. He could scarcely have done less, when armed rebels are gathering on the frontier, fortified by British gold and munitions and privateers which were commissioned in British waters. He seems an expert in the art of locking an empty stable.

VIR-DEGREES.

We are glad that the silly season is arousing a discussion about the significance, or rather insignificance, of University degrees. Look round at the average B.A. or M.A. (more often than not a preposterous pedagogue or empty-headed divine) and reflect whether his attainments entitle him to egregious veneration. The average undergraduate spends his three years in rowing or riotous living; if he eventually scrambles through his examinations he does so without any knowledge of the useful side of life. To all intents and purposes he is still uneducated. His education begins only when he goes out into the world.

JUSTICE FOR CHILDREN!

The schoolboy strikers are now probably being struck and sent supperless to bed. But some of them seem to have a reasonable ground for complaint. Several were arrested out of sheer sympathy with authority, just because the little beggars kept on doing nothing. The police, we are told, were unable to prefer any charges against the youthful delinquents, as they had not committed any actual breach of the peace, so they had to be discharged. This looks very like false imprisonment. A fine chance for some sporting solicitor!

WEEPING WILLIE.

Poor Mr. Crooks is getting into very hot water over his efforts as an independent legislator. In a special manifesto just issued, the Management Committee of the General Federation of Trade Unions declare that "the Bill introduced by Mr. Will Crooks, M.P., is a bad one from end to end; nothing worse could have emanated from the most bitter enemies of Trade Unionism, and every Trade Unionist ought to enter his strong protest against the measure and do everything possible to secure its immediate withdrawal." And Willie was so proud of his little offspring!

BIRD-LIME.

No doubt it was a piece of electioneering for Mr. Bird, M.P., to offer his salary to reduce the rates of his constituency, but the local Council is to be blamed for hesitation about acceptance. We can understand that the Liberal members of the Council desired to dish the move, but had they any right to do so? It was obviously to the advantage of the locality to have its rates reduced and it is the duty of councillors to do their best for the interests of those who elected them. But where Party advantages are concerned all sense of duty disappears.

VERY 'OT.

A Mexican correspondent informs us that a London landlady once told him "'eavy 'eat was 'ard on the 'ealth." He says: "Picture to yourself a tropical Indian village basking in a perpetual sunlight with a temperature between 90 and 100 degrees Fahrenheit and a humidity of 10 per cent. in the shade night and day, sans ice. Add to this tens of thousands of mosquitoes and other insects—a single bite perhaps meaning yellow or malarial fever. Subtract all the decent food you were ever used to, and multiply by 365 and again by 10, and you then have a fair idea of 3,650 days of life in the tropics." It is all a question of a good conscience—*cælum non animam mutant qui trans mare currunt*. In other words, you can change your garment but not your heart.

THE SCIENTIFIC PERIL.

Talk of the terror that stalketh in the noon-day. It is not in it with the menace of scientific invention. The electric telegram was bad enough when it prompted Horne Tooke to say that Frank Harris would now be able to contradict him from London to York. But if we are to use whistles instead of latch-keys and carry wireless telephone apparatus when we take a walk, *à la* Dr. Johnson, down Fleet Street, life will become more liverish than ever. Imagine Jim Crow with a sort of organ-grinder's box round his neck, cadging beer in a bar-parlour or coquetting with a wench in Leicester Square. Lo, he would be rung up by his editor. While trying to tap someone for £20 he might have his wire tapped by the Official Receiver. He is going to agitate for a close time for inventors.

WHY NOT?

The *Evening News* puts its readers under an everlasting obligation by informing them that "a prisoner at Tottenham was found to be wearing women's underwear, including a pair of corsets." Why shouldn't she? Has our contemporary never heard of the blind fiddler whose brother played the harp, whilst the man who played the harp never had a brother?

"WHY NOT FLUCTUATING WAGES?"

Apropos of our recent paragraph, a learned reader reminds us that the idea is a pretty old one, for in 1795, when the French Convention was exercising itself in trying to find a means whereby the Republican assignats could be bolstered up, their then purchasing power having depreciated to about one-twelfth part of the face value, it was proposed by Jean Bon-Saint-André that coin should be made the standard of exchange, so that the relative value of coin having been fixed at so many francs per quintal, anyone making payment of, say, 1,000 fcs., would do so by paying in assignats the present value of the necessary number of quintals. This scheme, however, was never put into force because there was no possibility of restraining the operations of the stock-jobbers.

Keep your eye on "Northern Terrors."

Playing Dreyfus.

An extraordinary story reaches us, and we can only hope, for the sake of the Territorial Force, the case is an exceptional one. It is said that during the recent training of the 1st London Field Ambulance at Frith Hill, two men were warned, before leaving camp, to parade for duty at a certain time. They presented themselves forty minutes late, obviously unfit for work, and were placed under arrest. Next morning they were brought before the Commanding Officer, and one was reprimanded, and the other dismissed—for exactly the same offence. Listen to the manner of the dismissal. The culprit was marched from the orderly tent to the parade ground, and there, in front of the whole unit, the C.O. cut off his shoulder-straps and badges, handed him his kit-bag, and expelled him from the "camp." We are not defending a delinquent nor questioning the right of a C.O. to dismiss a man for disobedience, but this theatrical nonsense has brought discredit on the corps and disgusted every man left in it.

The Dahlia Story.

A lady correspondent will have it that the story about the dahlias told of Prebendary Stewart is true. She confirms it from her own experience :—

> There was an old tulip grower who used to live at Middleton, near Manchester, by name David Jackson. He is dead now; so there is no fear of his bringing an action for libel against you. It was a well-known tale among the florists of the district that one frosty night in late April or early May, David took the blanket off his wife's bed and make her get up—he wanted the blanket to put over his tulip beds. I have heard the tale many a time told by one of David's friends, who was a great friend of mine, and a man who would never invent such a tale about anyone. You have no notion to what lengths a florist will go to protect his plants. My husband is a florist—one of the most noted auricula growers of the day. I have known him sit up a whole succession of nights in frosty weather, if the plants were moving for their spring bloom, to carry cans of boiling water into the auricula house to keep the temperature above freezing point.

The "Foam Queen."

We are assured by a correspondent, but we do not vouch for the accuracy, that there is no longer any mystery about the destination of the *Foam Queen*. She has been commissioned, our correspondent assured us, by the Prudential Assurance Company to take out to sea all the letters of complaint from their agents, including those from the suicides, and sink them in the Atlantic.

Corroboration.

Keir Hardie is even now reiterating his mendacious version of the Premier's statement respecting the soldiers and the strike. He claims that his charge has been vindicated by the fact that the Railway Servants' Executive have passed a resolution absolving him from blame and censuring Mr. Lloyd George. They might with equal logic have passed a resolution declaring that Prince Palatine did not win the St. Leger.

Trouble Brewing in Africa.

Our advices from South Africa are not reassuring, and we suggest that those statesmen who are always prattling about the blessings of the recent union should hold their breath for a time—and wait and see.

"Sister Ruth."

Everyone should read *Mrs. Bull's* eloquent appeal to this girl to leave the Agapemone, and to hand over her three children for adoption.

The Silence of Lord Esher.

What is puzzling a good many people just now is the silence of Lord Esher. Here are the critics who should know tumbling over one another in their eagerness to tell us that the Territorial Force is going to pot. Once upon a time—not so very long ago—when there was the same unholy scramble, his lordship was quickly on the scene, with a daily paper at his back, raising men, and lauding our noble citizen army to the skies. What has happened in the meantime? Has that close friendship with Carmelite House been presumed upon? Or have the changes in our Royal dynasty gradually reduced his power behind the throne? Anyway, we would like to hear a word on the crisis from the "real author" of the whole scheme, even though it be to curse that scheme and present us with another—for compulsory military training.

A Labour "Daily."

This idea is being revived; but it will never do. The average British workman does not get much fun out of life, and he will not give up Captain Coe's and Bee Bee's latest tips for Mr Giffen's latest Board of Trade Returns. Besides, he will not pay to be preached at—and most of the Labour leaders are such Gospel thumpers! The best thing the promotors of the proposed paper can do is to take a quantity of John Bulls at trade price and distribute them amongst the workers.

Rory O'More.

Some few days ago we were invited to witness a private exhibition of a cinematograph show at the establishment of Markt and Co. The film illustrated Samuel Lover's historical romance of "Rory O'More," and the different characters and incidents were so true to life that the pictures may be said to represent the climax of sentiment and brutality. We can conceive of no exhibition which will do more harm in fostering ill-feeling at the very moment the hatchet should be buried between this country and the Emerald Isle, and we sincerely hope proprietors of cinematograph shows will have the good taste to exclude it from their lists.

No Wonder.

Here is an advertisement from a recent issue of the *Sporting Chronicle* :—

> Magnificent Refreshment Rooms and Supper Bar, near football ground; sporting centre; £150 everything; worth a pony; cause, turf trouble.

It is not astonishing that a gentleman who does not know the difference between a "pony" and a "monkey" should have had turf trouble.

Liberty.

An American definition of Liberty: Let every man do as he likes; if he won't, make him!

Addison on Party.

If this Party spirit has so ill an effect on our morals, it has likewise a very great one upon our judgment. Knowledge and learning suffer in a particular manner from this strange prejudice, which prevails amongst all ranks and degrees in the British nation. As men formerly became eminent in learned societies, by their parts and acquisitions, they now distinguish themselves by the warmth and violence with which they espouse their respective Parties. Books are now valued upon the like consideration. An abusive, scurrilous style passes for satire, and a dull scheme of Party notions is called fine writing.—(*From "The Spectator," No. 125.*)

What *are* "Northern Terrors"?

ONE FOR THE CRANKS.

So the State of Maine—the great Prohibition example of the teetotal fanatics—is to have its public-houses at last. The whole thing has been a farce for years. Secret drinking dens (with bad drink) and border drunkenness have been the inevitable outcome of the system. It was of Maine that the story is told about the thirsty Englishman who asked the stationmaster where he could get a drink. "You see those two little houses on the hill yonder?" said the native. "Yes," replied the Britisher, as his heart sank within him. "Well," came the response, "those are the only houses where you *can't* get it."

THE PARTY SYSTEM.

We gladly reproduce the following extract from last week's *Eye Witness*:—

> It is amusing to watch the ridiculous Party System melting and breaking up with accelerated rapidity under the influence of increasing ridicule, increasing exposure, and, above all, in consequence of the unexpected emergence of realities in the sphere of politics.

Bravo, Belloc!

THE WEEK'S "CHESTNUT":—

He was a stage-struck local, making his *début* in a penny gaff. Being excited, he came on to the stage an act too soon, and announced: "My lord, we have killed the King"; to which came the reply from the leading man, "Then you have busted up the show."

THINGS WE MIGHT SEE YET.

KEIR HARDIE AS A PARSON.

"John Bull's" Biscuits.

For stating in its Racing Notes regarding the St. Leger, that: "At the distance Prince Palatine left the field and won easily by SIX FURLONGS,"

THE HALIFAX DAILY GUARDIAN
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For heading a paragraph: "An Aviator Killed at Versailles. Minister of War's CONGRATULATIONS,"

THE BIRMINGHAM DAILY POST
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For announcing that: "THE £100 PRIZE, *together with the* 60-GUINEA CUP *competed for at the Bakers' Exhibition and won by Mr. H. R. Meeke (trading as Stewart and Co.), Scarborough, was* MADE FROM *Messrs. Thirsk and Sons'* IDEAL STANDARD FLOUR,"

Messrs. THIRSK AND SONS (Nafferton, Yorks)
TAKE THE BISCUIT.

For inserting the following notice in two places in its issue of August 26th: "When replying to an advertisement please say you saw it in the ' SOUTH STAFFORDSHIRE TIMES,'"

THE WALSALL ADVERTISER
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating that: "Considerable damage to the fruit crops has been done around this district (St. Germans) by wasps, and a field belonging to Messrs. Bentley Bros. is reported to have had NO LESS THAN TEN *wasps around it,"*

THE LYNN ADVERTISER
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating in an account of Prince Alexander of Teck's visit to the Middlesex Hospital Laundry, that a dog "was a long time in realising that the Prince's trousers ought not to be PAWNED,"

THE EVENING DISPATCH (Birmingham)
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating in its account of the theatre collapse at Nice, that: "More than 100 *plasterers and painters were at work on the ground floor when the sound of an enormous cracking was heard above their heads. Shouting 'Sauve qui peut,' the men rushed madly towards the exit. . . . . All the workmen were* ITALIANS,"

THE DAILY MAIL
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For heading an account of an accident: "Fisherman's SEA BOOTS *ripped and* RENDERED UNCONSCIOUS,"

THE SHEFFIELD DAILY TELEGRAPH
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating (according to the "Darwen Weekly Advertiser") in the "Holy Trinity Parish Magazine" that: "The evil (the wearing of large hats) will continue as long as the fair offenders are content to follow the long and weary fashion. And so long will anxious clergymen continue to deplore the ABSENCE *from their congregations of members who are* REGULARLY PRESENT,"

THE REV. L. SAVATARD
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For citing in a notice requiring the opening and scouring out of dikes: "An Act PASSED IN THE 47TH YEAR OF THE REIGN OF HIS MAJESTY KING GEORGE THE THIRD, *intituled an Act for* REPEALING *several Acts of the 33rd Year of King George the Second,* AND *the 13th and 37th Years of* HER MAJESTY QUEEN VICTORIA, *for draining certain Fen Lands in the Isle of Ely,"*

Mr. JOHN SABERTON (Superintendent of Works to the Burnt Fen Drainage Commissioners)
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For advertising for sale by auction "Substantial valuable FREEHOLD *furniture and effects,"*

Messrs. POWELL & BROWN (Owen Street, Tipton),
TAKE THE BISCUIT.

MORE REFORMATORY HORRORS.

THE INDUSTRIAL TRAINING SHIP "MOUNT EDGCUMBE"—GRAVE CHARGES—AN APPEAL TO THE HOME OFFICE.

The *Western Daily Mercury* of September 1st contained the following announcement :—

"Yesterday morning Mr. Shirley Benn, M.P., was to have distributed prizes to boys on the *Mount Edgcumbe* Industrial Training Ship, but he was unexpectedly called to London, and the ceremony has been postponed."

When our attention was called to this piece of news our representative was already on his way to Plymouth, where the *Mount Edgcumbe* is moored, to inquire into certain serious allegations regarding the conduct of the ship.

We congratulate the junior member for Plymouth in being "unexpectedly called to London." Perhaps a little bird whispered something in his ear. It is certainly better that the prize distribution should be deferred until certain matters in connection with the ship are cleared up.

OUR SPECIAL COMMISSIONER'S REPORT.

The *Mount Edgcumbe* is one of England's old wooden bulwarks. She was commissioned as long ago as 1827, and for many years was anchored in the Mersey and was known as *The Conway* Mercantile Cadet Training Ship. She was purchased some 38 years ago, re-named, and is now moored off Saltash, near Devonport.

The ship is managed (it would be more proper to say mismanaged) by a Committee, the chairman of which is the Earl of Mount Edgcumbe. Although she is privately owned, she can, by an Act of Parliament passed in 1854, accept as inmates youthful prisoners from County and Borough Councils and other authorities. A magistrate may also send a lad there for treatment until he reaches the age of 16 years. No lad, however, is accepted who has been in prison. The 1854 Act was amended in 1908 by the Children Act, which provides for the certifying by the Home Office as to the suitability or otherwise of any privately owned institution. If such an establishment wishes to accept youthful prisoners from a State authority and receive the Government grant, it can only do so on the annual certificate of a Government Inspector. So when I deal with the *Mount Edgcumbe* I deal with it as a private concern, receiving youthful State prisoners and State remuneration.

Before me I have the Report for the year 1910 of His Majesty's Chief Inspector of Industrial Schools, and this is what it says in reference to the *Mount Edgcumbe* :

"Conduct : A few boys have made attempts to abscond, and a few have been dealt with for being in possession of tobacco, but the general conduct has been fairly good, and discipline is in a most encouraging condition." In view of what is to follow, I particularly wish to emphasise the Report of H.M. Chief Inspector.

There are 218 boys in the ship, seven of whom are there voluntarily. To look after these boys there are eleven officers. The average time worked by each officer in a week is 110½ hours, and the average weekly wage works out at 23s!

THE INDICTMENT.

For the life of me I could never understand the use of an Inspector of Industrial Schools. He is a near relation of the General Officer Commanding a district. They both give notice of their inspection some weeks before they are due to inspect, and, in consequence, everything is prepared for them, and their reports show that "everything in the garden's lovely."

No doubt the Inspector saw the log and the books of the *Mount Edgcumbe*. The point is, was everything in connection with the ship disclosed? For instance, how comes it that Mr. T. D. Robertson, the Inspector states that "the general conduct has been fairly good, and discipline is now in a most encouraging condition"?

Did the books of the ship show that the late Bandmaster had been *discharged?* I suggest they state that he *resigned*. This may seem a small matter, but I take it that even so humble a servant as a Bandmaster has a right to have the truth both spoken and written of him.

Did the books show that the late Bandmaster reported to the Captain a serious state of affairs existing between some of the boys and two officers?

Did one of these officers abscond, and was the other invited to disprove the charge?

Did the book show that after this officer had been charged by the Captain with a criminal offence, he was, instead of being prosecuted, allowed to go "scot free," given a fortnight's wages, and told to clear the ship?

Was it written in the ship's books that on a certain date all the officers' cabin boys were ordered to be medically examined?

Did certain clean-minded officers resent this mode of procedure, and present a Petition for a full inquiry into the whole of the working of the ship?

Was that inquiry held?—if not, why not?

Does the record of the ship show that a certain boy, when taken for enlistment into the Army, was rejected by the Army Medical Officer because there was direct evidence of unnatural vice?

INQUIRY DEMANDED.

So much for our Commissioner's Report—for the moment. We demand a full *judicial* inquiry into the whole of the management of the *Mount Edgcumbe* Industrial Training Ship. We hardly expect that Mr. Masterman has sufficiently recovered from his Akbar shock to be able to go with his whitewash brush to Devonport. At any rate we hope not.

Should there be any doubt as to our charges, we herewith recapitulate them.

We charge the management of the ship with gross neglect of duty ; the officers are overworked and underpaid. There is no proper supervision of the lads on the ship, and in consequence criminal habits, unmentionable in their character, have taken place on an enormous scale ; the management in at least one case have failed to do their duty in regard to a serious offence.

Pending a satisfactory reply from the Home Office that a full and impartial inquiry shall immediately be held, at which we may be represented, we refrain from publishing further particulars of even a more painful nature. The whole of our evidence, however, is at the service of the Government.

PEGGING AWAY.

Whatever the obstacles you have to dread,
You win in the end, if you just forge ahead;
You seemingly may make no progress to-day,
But if you're in earnest, keep pegging away.
With "forward" your watchword kept well in your mind,
The high Hills of Hardship at length lie behind.
To the Plains of Success then your feet will be led,
If only you just keep on forging ahead!

THE PRUDENTIAL AND ITS AGENTS.

HOW EMPLOYES ARE TREATED.

The following statement, which comes to us from a Cardiff correspondent, illustrates the scurvy treatment of its agents by the Prudential Assurance Company :—

Up to three weeks ago I was working for the Prudential Assurance Company as Agent. My agreement stipulated a week's notice on either side, and I had to deposit £10 cash and find security for £15.

The Company permit their Agents to allow the policy-holders to get nine weeks in arrear with their premiums, but after that date the Agents are responsible for any further weeks' premiums not paid. The Agent is instructed to lapse all premiums when nine weeks in arrear, but if he did so his District Superintendent would discharge him owing to *decrease* of business.

I had several cases over the *nine* weeks which I had previous to my resignation lapsed, and when making up my final accounts there were also some cases over the nine weeks in arrear, and the Company only allow credit for nine weeks. The total amount over and above this nine weeks in my case was £1 13s. 8d., and when sending in my final account the District Superintendent told me my accounts were satisfactory, and that the Company would deduct the £1 13s. 8d. from my cash deposit of £10, and remit me the balance, and that they would give me a satisfactory reference to enable me to leave them on the Thursday and start with another Company on the *following* Saturday. This was my intention, as I did not want to lose even a day's wages.

I gave the "Prudential" notice expiring on a Thursday, and came to Cardiff next day. I started work on the Saturday with the other office, as they were expecting my reference from the "Prudential" any minute. I wired for this, and in two days they replied stating they wanted the £1 13s. 8d. remitted by return of post (although they had my £10 against it) before giving a reference, and as a matter of law the Company cannot retain any money for cases *on the Books* over nine weeks in arrear—a case was decided in Stockport County Court some years ago.

This delay on the part of the "Prudential" Head Office and the representation of the local Superintendent that they would *deduct* the £1 13s. 8d. from the deposit, that my reference would be all right, and would enable me to start work with the new Company at once, caused me to lose a whole week's wages and commission, 35s.

STRIKING SCENE AT QUEENS HALL

BY OUR OWN MAD MUSICIAN.

A cycle of regrettable incidents occurred at the promenade concert the other evening. Among the inner circle it was well known that members of the orchestra had resented the introduction of the time signature, and a petition against the diminished interval had been drawn up. The "Flying Dutchman" (allegro non stoppo) was due to start at 8.30, when the staff in five lines left the platform and passed out through the booking hall using their bows with thrilling effect. The conductor stuck to his post without quavering and beat the Carmen bravely with his baton. They stated among their grievances that they wanted more brass and longer rests, but their dominant motive was soon apparent when they scaled the bar for a case of Handel's lager and the bass, but not having the right key they could not find the tonic. The audience were now in a crochety humour and the conductor endeavoured to minimise the disturbance by calling upon the Corps Anglais, which soon came in, forte strong, with a canon led by Major Keys. The ballet music could not now be recognised, so the audience dispersed singing the "Hooldigungs March," and the band went off with the lute.

"ADDLED ADS."

SOME PECULIAR ANNOUNCEMENTS.

TRESPASSERS on Canon's Court Farm (Blackberries included) Will be Prosecuted.—(*Dursley Gazette.*)

WANTED: Every Lady in the district to know that Garlick's, The Bridge, Ansdell, are extensive breeders and feeders as well as Butchers. All the meat is first quality.—(*The Visitor*, St. Anne's-on-the-Sea.)

WANTED, second-hand gent.'s Sunbeam Bicycle for tall rider; must be new.—(*Bournemouth Daily Echo.*)

MILITARY SNOBBISHNESS.

BERKSHIRE OFFICERS ON THEIR DIGNITY.

Recently an ex-colour sergeant of the Royal Berks Regiment, by name J. Field, came to Reading for a few days' holiday and visited the Barracks for the purpose of seeing some of his old comrades. On the second day he was asked to go into the barrack-field to watch a company cricket match, and, on reaching the field of play, he saw, as he thought, a sergeant whom he knew, in the long white coat of the umpire. On the spur of the moment he called out "Hullo! ——; what are you up to in that coat?" The umpire, however, was the adjutant, Captain C. G. Hill, who immediately sent for a non-commissioned officer to turn the ex-colour sergeant out of the Barracks, and put his name on the gate so that he should not be admitted again.

Field, seeing that he had made a mistake, offered to go to the officer and apologise, but this worthy absolutely refused to see him, so that the order was carried out. Surely not the proper course for an officer and gentleman!

A few days later, Mr. E. Giles, an ex-sergeant of the Regiment, on presenting himself at the gate of the Barracks for admission was told by the Provost that he was not allowed in by order of the Commanding Officer. He then wrote to the Commanding Officer, asking the reason. We have seen the reply. Here it is :—

> In reply to your letter of the 30th inst., I beg to inform you that as you do not think fit to recognise the officers under whom you previously served, it is not considered advisable that you should enter the Barracks.

This letter is signed by Major D. B. Maurice, Commanding Depot, Royal Berkshire Regiment.

Perhaps we should add that Field served for 21 years, 20 of which he was a non-commissioned officer. He served through the South African War, and was discharged for pension about three years ago. As for Giles, he disclaims the intention of being discourteous to Major Maurice, and is puzzled to know on what the letter rests.

OH, FOR A BUSINESS POST OFFICE!

MORE MUDDLED METHODS.

It would seem as if the Post Office Powers-that-be are so engaged with aerial services and other things of the kind that necessary "matter-of-fact" improvements are neglected. A correspondent of *The Manchester Guardian* calls attention to the great public inconvenience which results through the weekly closure of post-offices for half-holiday purposes? To such an extent has the movement grown that in many local areas with populations ranging up to 40,000 people all postal business, including delivery of letters, telegrams, sale of stamps and orders, is completely stopped; and as the half-holiday occurs on different days, according to local custom, the delay in delivery of letters and telegrams is likely to become more serious with every extension of the half-holiday movement as it is now organised. We agree that the efficiency of our postal services has been so world-wide that it is a matter for regret that the responsible authorities should encourage a movement which assumes that affairs of life and death and public and private business may be arrested without seriously reflecting upon the great reputation of the English postal system, and it would be interesting to know what public sanction has been given to such a retrograde policy. Public opinion is no doubt cordially in favour of the weekly half-holiday for post-office workers, but it is surely possible for the postal authorities to organise a corps of auxiliaries to maintain the ordinary services while members of the regular staff enjoy their half-holidays.

Surely here, too, is an illustration of Post Office foolishness. We have before us an official letter returned to the sender of a telegram :—

> Post Office, Manchester, September 9th, 1911.
>
> SIR,—I beg leave to inform you that your telegram handed in at the General Post Office at 7.15 p.m. on this date addressed to (name and address given), has not been delivered for the reason indicated below. Removed to (new address given).
>
> I am, Sir, your obedient Servant,
>
> F. C. L. FOR POSTMASTER.

Now, considering that the two addresses are within an easy ten-minutes' walk, surely an effort might have been made to deliver the telegram. The matter was one o urgency, and very great mischief might have been created

KEIR HARDIE EXPOSED—IV.

HARDIE'S LAME DEFENCE—MALTMAN BARRY'S CASTIGATION—A NASTY REMINDER—HARDIE AND THE KING.

By HORATIO BOTTOMLEY.

Since going to press last week, our attention has been called to an article in the September 8th issue of the *Labour Leader*, the writer of which, in reply to our exposures, takes umbrage at the fact that Hardie was not the actual author of the leaflet regarding Socialist methods, referred to by us, and that the original document consisted of a letter to the editor of the *Workman's Times* by a member of the Fabian Society, exhorting kindred local bodies to "pursue Jesuitical tactics." The fact that Mr. H. Russell Smart, the composer of this precious effusion, was a member of the National Administrative Council of the I.L.P., and a prospective candidate for I.L.P. Parliamentary honours, is conveniently ignored; and we doubt if even Hardie will have the effrontery to deny that he wrote of this gentleman: "My friend, the author, has not only the knowledge, but the ability to put the matter in a clear, strong light." At any rate, Hardie's "Tory jackal" tactics during the 1895 General Election constitute the amplest proof of his approval of the policy advocated in the leaflet referred to. With regard to our query, "Who found the money?" Hardie's apologist pretends to laugh away the suggestion that he was in the pay of the Tories, and sneeringly remarks that "a categorical denial" of the "stupid and mendacious myth concerning Mr. Hardie, the I.L.P. and Tory gold," is at this time of day "rendered completely unnecessary."

Readers of last week's issue of this journal, who have studied the quoted utterances of Mr. Maltman Barry, the Tory organiser, and our analysis of the I.L.P. Balance Sheet, etc., together with *extracts from letters written by Hardie himself*, will be well able to judge as to the truth of our charges.

We challenge Hardie to give a definite denial to our statement that he (directly or indirectly) received funds from Mr. Maltman Barry, which were used to pay the expenses of so-called "Labour" candidates, in order to split the Liberal vote and assist in the return of Conservatives to Parliament.

In the *Labour Leader* of September 15th, Hardie's apologist is even lamer in his attempts to answer our criticisms than in the previous issue. He tries to deceive his readers into believing that it was only Mr. Massingham and official Liberals who had denounced Hardie and his gang. In our issue of September 9th, we also quoted George Howell and John Burns, to say nothing of Mr. Henry Broadhurst, Prince Kropotkin, Mr. John George Hancock (Secretary of the Nottingham Miners' Association), Mr. J. Havelock Wilson, and a host of others; but Hardie will probably say in reply that the only genuine Labour men are the Tory jackals of the I.L.P. menagerie.

MALTMAN BARRY'S CASTIGATION.

Hardie has never dared to reply to his scathing indictment by Mr. Maltman Barry, when he (Hardie) made an attempt to "kick over the traces." In the *Labour Elector* of April, 1893, Mr. Barry writes:—

> Presumably at some other person's instigation, Mr. Keir Hardie, M.P., has thought fit to attack Mr. Champion and the Editor of the *Labour Elector* (Mr. Maltman Barry). We are reluctant to do anything that will injure Keir Hardie and destroy his position and *put an end to his usefulness*. But Mr. Hardie himself, by the attack above referred to, has put it beyond our power to preserve the silence respecting him that we would have gladly observed. But when a journeyman politician tells his new mates that his master did not teach him his trade *nor pay him his wages*, that master may be excused if he proves that he not only *taught the apprentice and paid him good wages*, but that towards the end of the apprenticeship, he, the master, was *obliged to put a padlock on the till*. Even now, however, we will not say all we might about Mr. Hardie.

And again in the same issue:—

> He says that Mr. Champion obtained his (Hardie's) election expenses. A word in Mr. Hardie's ear about that Mid-Lanark election. The last word in that episode has not yet been spoken. Whether it has to be spoken now, or years hence, or never, depends on circumstances. We hope for Mr. Hardie's sake that it never will be spoken.

Mr. Maltman Barry's threat, like the sword of Damocles, still hangs over Hardie's head; the threat of the revelations referred to by the Tory agent will always keep him the abject slave of his relentless taskmaster.

A NASTY REMINDER.

We have received a voluminous mass of correspondence congratulating us on our exposure of Hardie. We print the following from a letter from Lanarkshire, it being of the utmost interest as explaining part of Mr. Maltman Barry's threat respecting the Mid-Lanark election:—

> I am exceedingly well pleased at your exposure of Cur Hardie, a man I thoroughly detest. I, as a working man, knew him well many years ago, when he was supposed to be a consistent Radical. In the year 1888 he set himself out as a candidate for Mid-Lanark, under the auspices of the Liberal Association. I was present at the meeting to adopt him as the Liberal-Labour candidate for that division. The meeting was convened; and before it was well begun, a telegram was handed in to the Chairman, to this effect—that Keir Hardie now declined to stand under the auspices of the Liberal Association, and would run as an Independent Labour candidate. We then selected J. B. Phillips, a Welshman, and he was returned by a large majority as Liberal member for Mid-Lanark. Keir Hardie got somewhere about 600 votes. He has never again attempted to stand for a Scottish constituency. He had to go to England, where he was not so well known. The sequel is—two days after the election a letter appeared in the *Glasgow Herald*, stating that Keir Hardie had got all his expenses and a sum of money, paid through a Tory Primrose Dame, to stand and split the Liberal vote. That letter was never contradicted.

HARDIE AND THE KING.

Here are some of Hardie's references to the Throne:—

> At Chester-le-Street, on July 25th, 1910, he said he regarded the existence of a King as a proof of lunacy among the people. . . . Those who assumed that the people of this country were intensely loyal made a profound mistake. For the past 30 or 40 years all the people had known about royalty had been the parades and the shows and the pictures in the weekly newspapers.

On May 3rd, 1910, at Tonypandy, he said:—

> He regarded loyalty to the Throne as a great superstition which tended to blind the people to their own best interests.

And on November 17th, 1910, at Bermondsey:—

> When coronets go into the melting-pot, the Crown had better beware.

"MR. BOTTOMLEY TO GO."

THE BOGUS PROTEST MEETING—BELATED CLIMB DOWN—A FRESH CHALLENGE.

Immediately after going to press with our last issue Mr. Bottomley received a letter from Mr. M. Gardner, of 52, Elsdale Street, South Hackney—one of the principal organisers of the recent "Protest" meeting—from which we quote the following:—

> You may not take the non-compliance by me of your demand for the names of twenty South Hackney electors present at the recent meeting as a "confession" that I am unable to give the names of twenty, or, for the matter of that, very many more such names.
>
> I observe that I am to be branded in this week's JOHN BULL, and to prevent any misunderstanding I say that you are at fault as to your premises. I am well able to supply a greater number of names than you ask for, *and I have never held out the Devonshire Hall meeting to the press as representative of the opinion of South Hackney.*

To this letter Mr. Bottomley replied:—

> I notice you now profess to be able to give me the names of a certain number of South Hackney electors who were present, and although, in view of your belated assertion that you have never held out the meeting to the press as representative of the opinion of South Hackney, the point is no longer very material, I write this to say that I will give £50 to South Hackney charities if you can prove that fifty South Hackney electors were present.
>
> Adverting to your present statement that you have never held out the recent meeting to be representative of the opinion of South Hackney, permit me to remind you that in your letter to me of August 30th you said, "I have been asked to speak at a meeting of electors of South Hackney at Devonshire Hall." I make no comment on the fact that, as you were the organiser of the meeting, the invitation to speak must have come from yourself, and would only suggest that instead of now groping for excuses for your conduct you should follow the example of your Chairman and plead guilty.

We quote the following sympathetic extracts from a column article in the *East Anglian Daily Times*:—

> When Mr. Speaker calls "Mr. John Redmond," there is craning of necks to catch sight of the Irish leader. When he calls "Mr. Keir Hardie," all eyes turn towards the old shaggy-haired Scotsman. But it is when he calls "Mr. Bottomley" that there is the greatest interest; sometimes I have seen the Strangers' Gallery rise almost *en masse* in order to bring within the range of vision the member for South Hackney.
>
> . . . The astonishing skill with which he has expressed unconventional opinions has given him in five years a position all his own; his unabashed audacity has made him a power of which smaller men have fought shy; and his enormous personal following throughout the country has given importance to words that might have received scantier attention if they could be dismissed as the verbal expression of a political party of one. It is literally true that the millionth copy of one of the weekly issues of his paper, JOHN BULL, may be in circulation in the very near future. But perhaps he will neither resign nor be excluded, and in such an event the present attack upon him will not weaken his position in public life, but will make it almost impregnable, and certainly unique.

SLATE CLUB APPOINTMENTS.

We are informed that Mr. Peter Russell, whose antecedents we exposed last week, is treasurer of the Slate Club Federation, 7, Colebrooke Row, Islington, as well as of the Slate Club at the Old Gravel Pit Mission, Hackney—of which latter club Mr. Russell's confederate in connection with the bogus meeting—Mr. Gardner—is Trustee! We understand that a special meeting of the Old Gravel Pit Club has been convened for to-night (Thursday), to hear "an important personal statement" from Mr. Russell.

LABOUR DISCONTENT.

THE TRUE CAUSE OF THE PRESENT UNREST.

By T. Good.

Why has labour been so unusually discontented these last two or three years? Some critics assert that the recent strikes and threats of strikes have been mostly over grievances more imaginary than real, more sentimental than solid. But what are the facts?

Take wages first. In seven years out of the last ten wages have gone down. That is according to official reports. But all the facts do not figure in Board of Trade documents. Actual earnings have diminished in some industries apart altogether from wage rates. A speeding-up policy has been adopted whereby men do more work for their money than they did a few years ago. I know of cases where labourers used to be employed regularly, at weekly wages of 20s., or 22s., say, and they enjoyed frequent rest times in the shops. Now, in many cases, the men are rushed just while a job is on hand, then suspended the moment it is finished.

"RESTING ON"—AND "OFF."

Instead of resting "on pay" they have to rest "off pay"—hang about the shop until another job turns up. I know cases where the men are fortunate if they have 15s. to draw at the week-end, after being in attendance the full week, whereas the same men, for the same work and the same time in attendance, had 22s. 6d. ten or twelve years ago. The weekly, the daily, the hourly, wage rates are just the same. No reduction has been recorded in the Board of Trade "Labour Gazette"; but the men, as a matter of fact, are earning from 20 to 40 per cent. less than they did.

LABOUR'S LOSSES BY "LABOUR LEGISLATION."

Most of our miners, for example, are earning considerably less money than they did only two or three years ago, particularly in the matter of allowances for dead work; but this is mainly attributable to the Eight Hours Act. The discontent, however, is not lessened by the knowledge that it has its roots in "labour legislation." In our organised trades—those of which we have official records—wages have gone down more than up these last ten years; real earnings have diminished still more; but in the unorganised branches of industry the retrogression has been very pronounced. And while earnings have thus decreased, cost of food has gone up, and more taxation has been imposed upon beer, spirits, and tobacco.

Now let us turn to the question of unemployment. In 1900 we had an average of 2.5 per cent. trade unionists unemployed. In 1910 we had 4.7 per cent. drawing out-of-work pay. In the five years 1900-4 the average percentage unemployed was 4.1. In the next five years it was 5.2. But, again, it must be pointed out that official figures do not tell the whole story. The percentage of unskilled unemployed has grown far more rapidly than that of the skilled. Our trade unionists do not so readily submit to speeding-up, and its consequent casualities, as do our unorganised and unprotected workers. It is in those branches of labour of which we have the least official records that the conditions are the worst. And, let it be observed, we have this growth of unemployment in spite of increasing emigration. In 1900 the net number of British and Irish emigrants was only one-third as large as it was in 1910.

EMIGRATION NO PALLIATIVE.

The fact remains that, notwithstanding the labour market relief thus afforded, wages are lower, and employment is more intermittent.

If we turn to pauperism, it is much the same. Between New Year's Day, 1900, and New Year's Day, 1910, the number of indoor paupers in England and Wales increased from 199,000 to 270,000; outdoor paupers from 503,000 to 539,000; casuals from 72,000 to 93,000. After making all due allowances, these figures reveal a harder struggle for existence.

Then, again, look at our accident figures. The pace of industrial life has been accelerated. Foremen are keener, managers are more alert, employers more hard-backed. Furnaces are bigger and hotter. Tools are heavier. Shops are more crowded, noisy, and dusty. Work is more fatiguing. In the general rush there are more accidents. In ten years factory and workshop accidents have increased more than 50 per cent. Deaths from accidents in mines have gone up from 1,012 in 1900 to 1,812 in 1910. We have more rush, we have more danger, we have more unemployment, we have lower wages, we have higher cost of living, we have more taxes, we have more poverty and pauperism and more suicides—such is the record of the last few years. *Why* it is so may form the subject of a future article.

THE "ABODE OF LOVE" AGAIN.

MORE AMAZING REVELATIONS—BATHING WITH THE "BRIDES"—THE MASSEUSE AND THE PAINS.

By Our Special Commissioner.

From the point of view of a harem, the Spaxton Agapemone is admirably situated. It stands well away from the railway, yet is within easy motor distance of several stations on the main line. It is by this means that Pigott is able to dodge any person who may be in pursuit of him, for he owns two very fast motor cars.

For some twelve months after our original exposure of Pigott, the Agapemone was locked and barred, on account of the many sightseers who gathered round its doors and walls in a vain endeavour to see Sister Ruth or other inmates. The "Master" at this time had bolted to Norway. Of late, things have become much quieter, and occasionally, after scouts have thoroughly inspected the surrounding district, the inmates of the Abode come out into the country lanes for walks or drives.

The curiosity of the crowd terminated after three daring spirits drove up in a motor car to the gates of the Agapemone late at night and broke into the Abode, swearing they would tar and feather the "Messiah." But the cunning fox had placed the water between him and those who were seeking to decorate him. He was safe in his Norway retreat. The adventurers were, however, out to tar and feather someone in the Abode, and it did not much matter so long as it was a male. The gentleman who received the dose intended for Pigott was Mr. Read. At that time he was Pigott's secretary. He has since died, as also has his wife. I am credibly informed that he has left many thousands of pounds, all of which have gone into the pocket of Pigott. At the time of Read's death there were two sons and two daughters living at the Abode. At the present moment one of the sons cannot be traced, while the other, for having the impudence to fall in love with one of the "helps" at the Agapemone and getting married, has been ordered to live in the outer world. He now resides in the village of Spaxton, and earns his livelihood by trudging daily to the harem, where he is employed to clean the "Master's" two motor cars, and some twenty cycles, the property of the younger members of the Abode.

I need hardly say that the two Misses Read reside within the gates. What position they occupy in the household I am unable to state. I understand that neither of them is numbered amongst Pigott's "brides," although the elder Miss Read is without a doubt the best specimen of English beauty that I have seen for a long time.

Bathing with the "Messiah" and His Disciples.

Situated nine miles from the Abode is a little hamlet on the coast named Lilcot, midway between Burnham and Watchet—and it is here that the "faithful" sometimes go to bathe in the sea, or perhaps it would be more proper to say the river. One morning I accompanied them. I saw them pass my cottage. They numbered twelve, and were ladies varying in age from thirty to sixteen or thereabouts. Some of the party were very good-looking, and they all cycled. The charming girl Miss Read was of the party. After allowing them to get a fair distance ahead, I mounted my stout little cob, and rode after them. I found no difficulty in keeping them in sight, and when we eventually came to the beach I dismounted, hid my pony, and got into a position where I could see without being seen. There is no house near this bathing place, neither are there any bathing machines. The ladies disrobed in a cave, hidden well away from any eye that might be inquisitive enough to watch them. At the moment they came out, however, and marched into the water, hand in hand, I had my field glasses on them. And how they did enjoy themselves! There was no religious restraint here. They were like a lot of schoolgirls let loose at play. Once in the water they let go hands, laughed, smacked each other on different parts of the anatomy, and made attempts to swim. There was only one of their number, however, who was able to accomplish this feat—that was Miss Read. And a splendid swimmer she is. After watching the girls some ten minutes I heard a motor car in the distance, and suspected that Pigott was coming to have a bathe with his "brides." I was correct in so far as it was Pigott, but he did not bathe. He remained in his car and watched them. He drove the car himself, and was unaccompanied. Thinking this a splendid opportunity of getting an interview with the "Messiah" I mounted my cob and rode up to him. No sooner did he spot me than he started the engines working, mounted again, and was away like a racer. I can't say it was very gallant conduct on his part to cut, and leave a stranger, and a male one too, with his fair female followers. The ladies were obviously much concerned at the "Master's" sudden retreat, and they soon followed.

Miss X Resumes Her Narrative.

"Pigott is one of the most slippery individuals I ever met. He is indeed uncanny, both in appearance and manner. I have had dealings with scores of men while engaged in the West End, and I never met a man like him. His thin bony frame and clammy touch are absolutely repulsive. However any woman could allow him to be the father of her child I am at a loss to understand. The only way I can account for it is that they must be soaked in his mock religion. All his snake-like movements are accompanied with some pseudo-religious utterance.

"The 'Master' used to receive my treatment for one hour every day. He usually selected the hour immediately after lunch. He would walk into my apartment, divest himself of coat and vest, and lay with his head over the arm of my couch. Then I would massage between his shoulders—for it was there he said the pains were. Conversations during the treatment were forced upon me by Pigott. It was always 'spiritual' twaddle, and I got sick and tired of it. I was many times on the point of telling him so, but that would never have done. For some seven days I put up with this man's silly talk and amorous suggestions; then I was obliged to take a firm stand—or fall as others had done before me.

"One day he was describing the new locality of his pains; but I knew he was lying, and I told him so. He looked at me in amazement. No one had ever dared to speak to him like that. He said the devil must be within me. I gave him a knowing glance, which I think he understood. Then he took hold of both my hands, and laughed. It was the first time I had seen him laugh, and from that moment I knew that we thoroughly understood each other."

(To be continued.)

ON THE FRONTIER.

A DASH FOR A THRONE.

By Richard Morton.

The Royalist Army of Invasion was encamped on the frontier, awaiting the signal for their tempestuous and overwhelming rush to victory in the territory of the king for whom they fought and bled. It was a solemn, an awe-inspiring scene. History sat, pen in hand, waiting to inscribe in the annals of Time the issue of this moment fraught with the fate of a nation.

Before the Army stretched the frontier line, marked in thick black dots, just as you see it on the maps. Beyond it was their Canaan, the land flowing with milk and honey, the land of their fathers, or some of them—their own country that they were to conquer once again for the beloved king who was sobbing out his young heart in exile.

The Royalists were in great force, and occupied two tents. One contained the commissariat, and the other held the Army. The officers—the leaders of this desperate endeavour—had rooms at the hotel.

Several of the soldiers had guns, and the whole dozen of them had swords. But their great love, the factor on which depended their most fervent hopes, was their aeroplane. At first the Republicans had doubted the existence of an aeroplane in the camp, but, when the news came through that the flying machine was actually on the ground, even the President trembled.

Yes, my braves, the Royalists did actually possess an aeroplane. There it lay on the burnt sward behind the tents, majestic, beautiful, but awful in its presage of imminent death. The Army idolised it, knowing what were the capabilities for victory that it contained. One of the planes was broken, and the propeller had not yet arrived, but they did not worry about such trivial items. It was true they were out of petrol, because of the railway strike; but that was of no account, because there was no engine yet fitted to the thing. And the airman, engaged in France, had not yet appeared to pilot the machine. Still, it was there, and hearts leaped high.

As there were twelve soldiers encamped on the plain, so there were thirty or forty officers accommodated at the hotel. War on the Republic was as the breath of their nostrils, the blood that pulsated through their veins.

They awaited the decisive moment, all on the *qui vive*, drinking, dicing, flirting, and very exceedingly busy all the while. It was, in truth, a time when frail humanity paused in the presence of the Infinite, when imagination boggled at the thought of what might be and what was to be.

A lieutenant came smartly into the smoking-room of the hotel, where the General was playing sixty-six, to remind him that he was three hours late in attending a Council of War.

"Can't you see I'm busy?" he growled, as he marked another chalk to his tally.

The subordinate saluted. "Sir," he said, "pardon me, but an express from England has arrived."

"So," said the General. "And what is the purport of this communication?"

"It is from the Legion of Frontiersmen, and it announces their inability to join us in our glorious enterprise."

"They can't come?" roared the Chief. "And why?"

"There is no reason vouchsafed," said the lieutenant, "but between you and me and the bedpost, I rather think it is because they have not received that little bit on account."

"So," cried the General. But it was his moment of greatness. "We will dispense with them," he said simply. "Just send a wire to England, and order a detachment of Boy Scouts in their stead."

Loud were the cheers when, subsequently, this brave resolution was announced to the Council of War, which, though several hours late, was most enthusiastic. Surely the Republic tottered at the doughty words that were uttered and the unfailing plans that were laid for her overthrow.

Suddenly one of the colonels remembered something. "This is Thursday," he cried. "Isn't this the day that was announced for our incursion into the territory of the enemy?"

"Certainly," said the magnificent General. "It was in all the newspapers, so there can be no doubt about that."

"Then—why—why—" timidly stuttered the Colonel, "why aren't we—incursing?"

"Because, pig of an ignoramus," cried the illustrious one, "because the money has not arrived. How can an army move without the sinews of war? Answer me that."

Nobody answered. It was incontrovertible.

And there, on the frontier, still is encamped the Royalist Army of Invasion—waiting, waiting.

HUMAN DOCUMENT.—CLX.

PROPELLING CHAIR WANTED FOR SERIOUSLY INJURED MAN.

We want our readers—we are always asking them for something in this column, and, happily, they never refuse it—to send us money enough to buy a self-propelling chair for a young man who has lost both legs. Six years ago this young man, who is only 29 years of age, met with a terrible accident. He was run over by a train, the result being that both his legs had to be amputated above the knees. He was in the West Ham Infirmary for a long time, where he became known to Mr. Barnes, the founder of that modest but very excellent and useful institution, the John Barnes Philanthropic Society. Mr. Barnes interested himself in the young man, and set about getting Surgical Aid letters. The Committee of the Surgical Aid Society, finding the case very deserving, were good enough to reduce the number of letters required from 72 to 60, and in about five months the required number was received, and the legs were obtained. They have done much to enable the young man to make a start in life, but he wants a propelling chair. His relatives are too poor to help him in any way, and the funds of the John Barnes Society are at all times small, and it is impossible for it to purchase a chair, having regard to its obligations to others. The best it has been able to do is to borrow one for a few weeks for the use of our young friend.

Mr. Barnes thinks that if we made an appeal to our readers on behalf of such a worthy object they would send us the money necessary to buy the chair, which would enable the young man, as he thinks, to make his living as a newspaper and periodical vendor. We willingly put the case before our readers, and hope that they will send us not only money enough for the chair, but also a pound or two over, so that he may be able to get two or three odd things to assist him in his new start.

We have received the following amounts, which we have duly forwarded to the subjects of the "Human Documents" named:—

CLVII.—J. T., 2s.; "A Poor Journalist," 5s.

CLVIII.—W. D., 1s.; H. B., 5s.; "Wardown," 2s. 6d.; W. M., 2s.; "Eblana," 3s.; R. V. Z., £1; J. A. H., 2s.; "Elstow," 1s.

CLIX.—W. J. C., £1 1s.; "Honest Freemason," 5s.; J. J. J., 2s.

POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

AN APPROPRIATE POSITION.

[London's latest statue is an eight-feet figure of Justice, which looks out over the Strand from the new Law Courts extension.]

A litigant who went to law
And justice was denied,
Was not astonished when he saw
Her turned to stone—outside.

A FELLOW FEELING.

[The Chancellor of the Exchequer witnessed the performance of "Bunty Pulls the Strings" at the Haymarket Theatre the other evening.]

"She has the neatness," said Lloyd George,
"That such a task requires;
She pulls the strings almost as well
As I can pull the wires!"

Ricardo.

We have had a visit from H. Sprange, who has just been discharged from the Highgate Infirmary, St. Mary's, Islington. He says he has been a ratepayer for a great number of years but recently was compelled to go into the infirmary, and his complaint is that his clothes were fumigated so carelessly that they are very seriously damaged, and now that he is out of the infirmary he finds himself with nothing fit to wear. We have seen the suit in question, and certainly think it fully warrants his statement. We have had many similar complaints from men who have been in the workhouse. No doubt it is necessary for sanitary purposes to fumigate the clothes of many of the poor people who go to the workhouse, but surely this could be done without destroying or seriously injuring them. It is not a small matter to a man who probably has only one suit of clothes to his name to find that when he comes out of the workhouse and wants to wear it again it is practically unwearable through the carelessness of the fumigating authorities.

GATESHEAD MAGISTRATES' CHEAP LUNCHES.

FREE FOOD FOR SEVEN YEARS.—THE MAGISTERIAL CONSCIENCE.

By Our Special Provincial Commissioner.

Some seven years ago, the magistrates who sat on the bench at Gateshead came to the conclusion that it was necessary, when they had a long sitting, that they should have lunches brought in.

Now, I am always of the opinion that the labourer is worthy of his hire, and if these gentlemen were willing to give up what often meant a whole day to the service of the public gratuitously, there seems no legitimate reason why they should not have a light lunch provided at the expense of the public, and indeed it is generally so arranged in other places, but in the case of the County of Durham there existed no regulation under which the magistrates could refresh the inner man. However, after some deliberation, it was decided (since nobody seemed over-anxious to pay) that the cost should be deducted out of the fees and fines, and this was accordingly done. That is where they made the mistake. Now, after the lapse of seven years, Nemesis has overtaken the "evil-doers." Somebody, who perhaps thought he was not getting his full share, most unkindly informed the Government authorities of what was taking place, and as a result there arrived an auditor to have a look at the accounts. He found that the figures could not be made to balance, and going back over a period of two years, discovered a deficiency of something like £28. With this he promptly surcharged the County authorities, and they in turn demanded it from the Magistrates' Clerk, who was the responsible individual so far as they were concerned. He paid out of his own pocket.

Free Food for Seven Years.

Then, after emulating Rip Van Winkle for so long, it suddenly dawned on the auditors of the Standing Joint Committee of the county that if the Government auditor could discover this deficiency for the period of two years, they might be able to go one better by overhauling the accounts for the whole seven years. This was done, and as a result they found that instead of wanting £28 they really required £55 12s. to put the books in order. Straightway a further demand was made upon the poor Magistrates' Clerk, and again he sent a cheque upon his private account.

Naturally, the Magistrates' Clerk thought it fair that he should apply to the participants for their various shares. There were originally sixteen, but one is dead and another bankrupt. So far only two have had the grace to pay!—so the Clerk is in the happy position of having had to pay for the lunches of no less than twelve magistrates for the last seven years. I believe that it has occurred before now that a knighthood has been granted for less hospitality.

The Magisterial Conscience.

It is to be devoutly hoped that when, in future, any poor unfortunate beggar gets hauled up before the Durham magistrates for asking for a crust of bread, they will bear in mind the fact that they themselves have been sponging for years on their employé.

Meantime, it is to be hoped that the authorities will make such arrangements for the future as will prevent a like muddle recurring, and will recognise the fact that these gentlemen are equitably entitled to have a meal provided for them when they give their time to the discharge of public duties.

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TEN DAYS FOR SIX POTATOES.

SCANDALOUS SENTENCE OF CHICHESTER MAGISTRATES.

Until recently Ephraim Walters, of North Bersted near Chichester, was employed by Mr. Harold Nutcombe Booker, a builder and brick-maker, to dig potatoes in one of his fields. Walters is an old man, and we have not sufficient experience of the potato patch to know how long it takes an old man to dig a hundredweight of potatoes, so that as far as our personal knowledge is concerned it may have been either a special outbreak of generosity or a keen commercial instinct which induced Mr. Harold Nutcombe Booker to fix the remuneration of this aged labourer at sixpence per cwt., free of income tax. It is also not possible to guess how many hundredweight of potatoes old Ephraim could dig up in the course of a day, but probably if we venture the supposition that he was able to dig sufficient to keep body and soul together we shall not be far wrong. So Ephraim dug for Mr. Harold Nutcombe Booker and lived. Now Mr. Harold Nutcombe Booker is evidently a very particular man, believing that what is his is his own and that the memory of the just is blessed; and therefore when he caught old Ephraim taking home six of his potatoes, evidently to boil, bake, or fry for the appeasement of his stomach, he determined to prosecute him with the utmost rigour of the law. So Ephraim's day was done. He ceased to dig his hundredweights of potatoes for Mr. Harold Nutcombe Booker, and was gathered by the policeman on the beat to appear in the sacred hall of judgment in answer to the charge of stealing the property of his employer, to wit, six potatoes.

The Chairman of the bench of North Bersted is Mr. F. Baring du Pré, apparently a gentleman of Norman ancestry, religion not stated—his colleagues being Mr. W. H. B. Fletcher, Captain A. R. Warren, a gallant warrior whose name is unfamiliar to us, and the Rev. Chancellor H. W. Davey, apparently an ex-professional exponent of the Christian gospels. Whether they all grow potatoes or not is not clear, but evidently they feel with Mr. Harold Nutcombe Booker that the potato trade must be protected. Ephraim had not a ghost of a chance from the first. There was no doubt whatever that he had been discovered in unlawful possession of the potatoes; equally there was no doubt they were six, because Mr. Harold Nutcombe Booker had counted them; there was no doubt also as to the ownership, as Mr. Harold Nutcombe Booker identified them by their jackets.

Clearly it was a serious offence, and the Chairman announced that the bench regarded it in that light, and sentenced the prisoner to ten days' hard labour without the option of a fine. It is not recorded whether the Rev. Chancellor H. M. Davey then closed the proceedings with prayer, nor have we been informed as to the class of hard labour to which the old man was subjected while is gaol. Let us hope they did not tempt him once again by setting his wicked old bones to digging potatoes.

It is to us, as we have ample means of knowing it is to our readers, a constant source of wonder what this nation has done to the Lord Chancellor that he should inflict it with the Du Prés and Reverend Daveys who encumber the magisterial bench. They merely provoke public censure and contempt by poisoning the wells of justice, for it really comes to that. It is an elementary truth that, if judicial punishment is not strictly apportioned to the offence, it is not only a wrong done to the individual, but a wrong done to the whole community, for it is an outrage upon the law, which is supposedly the embodiment of justice. What makes matters worse is that more often than not the wrong is not righted, because to right it would bring the magistracy into continual conflict with the Home Office. The tendency of the official mind is to interfere with sentences as little as possible, and thus the Du Prés and the Reverend Daveys of the magisterial bench continue almost unchecked their manufacture of criminals, by treating paltry offences as serious crimes. Surely it is time Parliament took this grave national scandal seriously in hand.

See panel on outside cover of this Journal.

Chairman.

To have had, to have not, and then again to have.

There is no enjoyment like it. For 'tis Chairman! Fine and cool: fragrant and pleasing, with every charm that tobacco has.

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PEOPLE.

By Jim Crow.

[Mr. Jamm Crow is our Licensed Crank. A brilliant exponent of unconventional ideas—invariably distorted and lacking in perspective; cynical and epigrammatic in expression—he is a journalistic cat amongst the pigeons. We accept no responsibility for his opinions—or his life.]

I am told that, when the Welsh are surprised, they exclaim something which sounds like "Hop along, Willy," and means "O my dear people!" It strikes me as a convenient and comprehensive appeal to the absent multitude. In the same way, when Mr. Austen Chamberlain publishes a letter to "a correspondent"—that mysterious correspondent!—he thinks he is issuing a manifesto to his fellow-countrymen. My point is that, in one blessed corner of the globe, at least, exclamatory apostrophes of the gods, such as "By Jove," "Odsbodikins," and so forth, have been superseded by an invocation of the People, whose voice is notoriously the voice of God.

One and All.

But what a difference between people and the People! How we respect, how we worship, how we love that great syndicated entity, which now suffers in comparative silence but will soon order all our goings and doings. Yet how repulsive in manner, how grotesque in appearance, how foolish in expression is the average individual! This is not so absurd a proposition as it sounds, for you are to reflect upon the insignificance of a grain of sand and the majestic immensity of Sahara; the ugliness of a twig and the beauty of an oak; the monotony of a single note and the bewitchment of a martial melody.

Summer 'Uns.

If you want to see truly repulsive people, stay in London all through the summer, as I have done by stress of penury. Last Sunday, in the Park before lunch, instead of all the dainty grace of hobble skirt and tea-tray hat, all the sombre magnificence of chimney-pot head-gear and Noah's-ark trousers, what did I behold? I could have sat and watched the fantastic cinematograph for hours, if my abdominal regions had not clamoured for restoratives. There was a stage cow-boy whose legs were concealed in inverted pyramids of brilliant brown, tight as bandages at the ankles and expanding at the hips so that the side-pockets might have held an arsenal. How like you the picture? Methinks, when strikes kill journalism, I shall make a living wage as a sartorial wight. There was a man who wore a fob in his waistcoat pocket. And, stap my vitals, what a fob! It consisted apparently of a piece of black elastic, some five inches long, adorned with bars of rolled gold and terminating in a coin like a school medal. I saw the slashed faces of sausage-eating students, I heard the fog-horn drawl of empty-headed Yankees, and (fee-fi-fo-fum!) I smelled the unwashed French.

Men Without Masks.

But the queerest freaks were not all poor benighted foreigners, who had heard of church parade and imagined themselves in the centre of Britain's rank and fashion. I beheld creatures who, if they had a spark of pride, would assuredly conceal their features in iron masks—pigfaced people, libellous caricatures of baboons, hairy Ainus, monstrosities which might have baffled Beardsley. If only Phineas Barnum had been alive, he would have bought the lot.

Bless the Brutes.

Whence come they? I know whither they go, for I have seen them. They drive about like sardines in great open drays to visit Carlyle's stupid, commonplace house at Chelsa; they lounge through Leicester Square like Johnny-Head-in-Air and fancy themselves students of British architecture; they behave like glorified hyssops. But do understand. That is why I have introduced their funny faces into my paper. They are really quite nice (it is the only word, though a poor one) if you can regard them as part of a great cosmogony. Follow them to their homes and you will find a lovely wife and thirteen bountiful brats who have learned to admire the fly-blown beard because they know it conceals a good heart. You and I, my hearties, are full of indulgence and lovingkindness, though we do not wear our hearts upon our sleeves. When we meet a man who looks like a baboon we sneer at him and say he must have come out of a pawnshop, but we know that, if he does not belong to the kill-joy class, he possesses what the Buddhists call Merit!

Oyez, Oyez!

I often talk what quidnuncs would call rubbish, rot, rhodomontade. (There, there is a subject for a cartoonist. The Quidnunc, thinking of quids and condescending to talk rhodomontade.) But I am full of the skimmed milk of lovingkindness. When I pull a leg and say "Penses-tu?" (French for the vulgarism "I *don't* think") and tease and abuse, you know, for you are beginning to understand my vagaries, that I am not really a cynic. You understand that I am the best sort in the world (penses-tu?). Anyhow, being a democrat and almost a republican, I sympathise to the extent of talking much sloppiness with a rod of iron.

Hop Along, Willy.

Let us cut cackle if we cannot cut enemies and golf-balls and picture-frames. I have held up for your observation hideous pictures of people who resemble baboons. I want you to be indulgent. I want you to think what you would do if you looked in the looking-glass and, lo and behold! you resembled an ourang-outang. No use to shave, for our fate is about our necks. You would try to rely on the fact that a loyal heart and true beat in your manly breast. Why should we not try to assume that everyone (always excepting Yankee women, who are past redemption) has some redeeming vice? Motto for this week: Make allowances. I wish somebody would make me a plethoric one. Faugh! That is almost a pun.

Love All.

Seriously, very seriously, and again seriously, people are much more tolerable than we think at first amblyopic sight. Do follow them into their homes and see what good fathers they can be on fifteen-and-ninepence a week, or pursue them to the parks and open spaces and persuade yourselves that their amenities are full of what the poet Crowley calls chalcedony crowds of caresses—in plain English, honest affection.

Populus vult Decipi.

From People to Popularity is a short step. If you take my advice and view the very park pests with forbearance, you will have your reward. It is an interesting psychological point to consider what constitutes popularity. Why do I love Winston Churchill and hate Austen Chamberlain and despise Keir Hardie? There is more behind it than personality or Merit. Just now I am a teetotaler and a kill-joy, almost a Plymouth Brother. I keep accounts and I wear such clothes that people of the commercial class wonder whether I have come out of a pawn-shop. But when I am normal, I can persuade people of anything, even that Stilton is superior to the Fromage de Monsieur de Fromage, which, as that donkey Euclid used to say, is absurd. The odd thing is that the older, uglier, stupider I become, the more popular I am.

Listeners Hear Good of Themselves.

Perhaps it is not really odd, for age teaches toleration. I can now be quite civil to mouse-coloured people, I can enter into the attitude of whiskered women and make them my friends; in a word, I am a good listener. Most of us, at any rate when we are young, want to talk about ourselves, to tell the indifferent that we like pork chops for breakfast or to invite admiration for our latinity. But if we place the boot on the other leg, we can pull it with confidence. The great secret of popularity is to persuade other people to talk about themselves or their dogs or their children. You need not even listen so long as you can brace yourself to say "Um" at the psychological moment. And a little flattery goes much further than you think. The only point of disagreement between me and the Bible is about flatterers being busy mockers. When I tell a plain woman that she is heaven sent, I am not mocking. I am merely saying something which I hope may give her pleasure. Just as I would say "Good dog" to a cur whose morals were unknown to me.

Oremus.

David assumed that all men were liars, Carlyle that they were mostly fools. I find it much simpler to believe that they are divine. It saves a great deal of trouble, and, as I possess nothing, they cannot borrow from me. Of course I do not know how I shall regard them in the good time coming, when we have a revolution and I am a candidate for the Presidency of the British Republic.

THE LETTERS OF MRS. MALAPROP-BROWNE.

DEAR JOHN,—What a remarkable epidermis of striking has swept through the country regently! It must be highly contiguous, for each body of workers that come out seem to inflict some other body with the same decease. But when this manure for striking reached the school-children of the country, I thought to myself, this is the limpet, and said so to Mr. Malaprop-Browne.

"You are right, my dear," he replied. "The country is certainly on the rocks." And then he laughed. He has an irrigating way of laughing, and I often wonder what he means.

"But I don't blame the children," he addled. "Most of them have been struck so often that one can't be surprised if they do strike back once in a way."

"I expect it is because they are forced to study so many diffident subjects," I said. "In my young days reaching, writhing, and arithmetic were thought quite enough for a child to learn. But there were always collarships for the extra inelegant to win."

I notice that some busybodies are trying to prevent the Johnson-Wells boxing context from taking plaice at Earl's Court. Although I am a woman and have a woman's felines, I think that a straight fight between two asthmatic men, striped to the waist, and in perfect phthisical contrition, is a fine sight. Their rabid movements, clever fainting, the rippling dance of their glistening mussels and the clean knock out at the finish, all combine to make the spectacles a daylight to the eye. I said as much to Mr. Malaprop-Browne only yesterday. He looked comprised.

"I did not know you had a taste for boxing," he said.

"Before we were married I had lesions in the noble heart," I contorted, "and I know the diffidence between an upper cut and a point steak. Tell me, why should there not be boxing between black and white?"

"Because it would probably result in whack and blight," he replied, smiling one of his iterating smiles again.

I daresay, my dear John, that like myself, you are thankful that the weather has grown cooler at last. Being a man of full rabbit, Mr. Malaprop-Browne felt the heat greatly. It is nice to be free from the swops, too. Although I was not stung, the wretched insets were very trying at meals, constantly getting into the swedes and Mr. Browne's bier. Some people say that everything was crated for some good purpoise, but I have never yet heard what is the use of swops and other nauseous insets I could mansion but do not like to.

I understand that the tumour to the effect that Sir John Benn would compose you at the next elation in South Hackney is false. I am glad to hear it—for his sake. When it first reached my ears I said how true is the old saying that fools step in where angles fear to tread. The thought of £400 a year will doubtless induce many to make equally useless contempts, I fear. Mr. Browne, who has at last given up all hopes of a puppy peerage, says he would not mind standing for some contingency himself, if he could see a chance of getting in. £400 a year, he says, would make a nice attrition to his income, which, by the way, is derived from tenuity. He has decided to see the Master of Ely Bank when he returns from the Indian Dunbar, though what the master of a bank has to do with obtaining a small seat in the House of Commons I can't see; and I said so.

"Banks have more to do with winning elections than you dream of," he replied, again smiling his syndical smile.

I am now looking anguishly forward to the time when Mr. Browne starts for the East. I shall have a little flutter on my own; and you may depend, dear John, that I shall keep you well deformed as to my precedings. Meanwhile, believe me very severely yours,

MATILDA MALAPROP-BROWNE.

P.S.—Mr. Malaprop-Browne says he shall buy me fifty of these "Northern Terriers." I told him that he must be made, and that I shall sell them all except one, not holding with so many dogs about the house. The poor man simply laughed and said he was talking about Bulls and Bears—not dogs. Thank Heaven this heat wave is over. I fear it has effected his celery bellum.

"LETTERS FROM JANE ANN."

We are pleased to announce that we have arranged for a further series of these Letters, which will commence in our issue of October 7.

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OPEN LETTERS, POSTCARDS AND TELEGRAMS.

To Lord Loreburn, Lord High Chancellor.

DEAR MY LORD,—Has your attention been drawn to the fact that recently the business of the Police Court at Wimbledon has been on several occasions delayed or suspended by reason of the absence of magistrates? The Justice on the rota went for a holiday, and all the other magistrates were found to be either away or to be too occupied in private affairs to be able to be in attendance. One day, the Warrant Officer and the police were hunting high and low for a magistrate, and the Court had to be suspended until five o'clock in the afternoon, when one was waylaid at the railway station on his return from town.

There is a strong feeling that your lordship should impress upon magistrates the duty of so arranging their private engagements as to prevent in the future a repetition of these unseemly delays in the administration of justice.

A citizen has no right to accept appointments to the Commission of the Peace if he is unable punctually and without failing to apportion his time and, if necessary, even sacrifice his convenience to the adequate performance of the magisterial office. Perhaps your lordship will officially remind Justices of this fact.

JOHN BULL.

To Edward White, Esq., Chairman of the L.C.C., Spring Gardens.

DEAR CHAIRMAN,—I should imagine you are now wondering what your fellow-members will have to say to you when you all gather together again after the vacation. For, really, it is quite possible that one or two of them may have opinions of their own, and it is even on the cards that such opinions may differ slightly from those you expressed in your letter to the Earl's Court authorities about the coming Wells-Johnson boxing contest.

Do you realise that you are living in England, where we do not hate a black man because of the colour of his skin? In the United States, which, as you are aware, is God's own country, racial feeling runs pretty high occasionally, and the objection to the Reno fight arose from the practical certainty that Johnson would beat Jeffries, thereby giving the niggers cause to exult exceedingly. It was feared that the reproduction of Massa Johnson's victory on the cinematograph would unduly excite his coloured brethren—and, incidentally, be gall and wormwood to the whites—wherever the pictures were exhibited. In the result, these fears were justified, for there were nasty outbreaks of temper, and blacks did insult whites, and a few guns did pop. It was not nice for a white Yankee to be drubbed by a nigger.

And now let me ask you again: Do you realise that you are living in England? If we had a few million blacks in this country, your attitude would be quite correct—but we haven't, and so there is no racial animosity to be set a-going. Your ill-timed and ill-advised letter is merely playing into the hands of the unco guid—of the Meyers and their like.

Believe me, this little set-to between Mr. Wells and Mr. Johnson will not be terrible, nor disgusting, nor nasty, nor anything else regrettable. It will just be a clean show, nicely staged and well-paid for. And there won't be any gore. Nobody will be hurt. Nor will there be any black and white riots. It will be just a peaceful picnic.

I suppose you thought you were acting for the best, but, really, you were not. I leave you to your colleagues, hoping they will not be too hard on you, but will give you the benefit of the doubt.

JOHN BULL.

To the Rev. F. B. Meyer, London.

FUSSY SIR,—What do *you* know about boxing? Ever seen a fight? If you could only succeed now, your next step would be to stop racing, then football, and, ultimately, marbles. I note with pleasure that several clergymen are going to be present. How do you get over that?

JOHN BULL.

To Signora Toselli, ex-Crown Princess of Saxony.

DEAR SIGNORA,—There is an unwritten law that the confidences of family life must never be blurted out to the world, whatever happens. If this were not so, every conversation, every letter, would have to be regarded from a solicitor's point of view, in a sort of "without prejudice" spirit, and all intimacy would be at an end. I daresay you found the old Emperor Francis Joseph very tiresome, and the Saxon Court exasperating to your flighty mind, but it would have been more dignified as well as more honourable to bear your griefs in silence and respect the sanctity of your unhappy home. Your sensational book is an unworthy attempt to blacken people whose position precludes them from retort, and would be regarded as cowardly in anybody but an hysterical and discredited woman. My only wonder is that you have found a respectable publisher to father your outrageous libels, and that the King of Saxony does not apply for an injunction in our Courts of Justice.

JOHN BULL.

To the Chairman of the Urban Council, Neyland, Pembrokeshire.

MY DEAR GWILLIAM,—I perceive that at the last meeting of your most distinguished Council, members were much perturbed concerning the wickedness of certain persons who will insist upon drawing water from the village pump on Sundays, contrary to the religious convictions of Zion Chapel. At a former meeting, I believe, the Council came to the conclusion that to draw water from the pump on Sundays was a desecration of the Sabbath, and they therefore ordered the pump to be "closed." The motion at your last meeting was that this resolution should be rescinded, Mr. Betty feeling that if the pump were closed during the hours of divine service only the religious convictions of the inhabitants would be sufficiently safeguarded. On the other hand, there was Mr. Roach, to whom the drawing of water on Sunday from the village pump has the same ungodly sound as drawing beer at the village pub. Roach said that where he was brought up it was considered a deadly sin to draw water on Sunday; the water used to be kept in pots from Saturday afternoon until Monday morning, and lovely water it was, I presume! Besides, if you close the pump only during chapel time, argued Roach, what was to become of Sunday school? Nobody appears to have been able to answer that elusive conundrum, and as the ultimate decision of the Council was to close the pump during morning and evening service, I gather that Sunday school is to be left to its fate! But do not be downhearted, sir. The Chapel at least is saved! Pray convey my blessings to the whole Council in their arduous labours, and to Neyland my earnest hope for a happy issue out of their afflictions.

JOHN BULL.

To the Hon. Galbraith Cole, East Africa.

SIR,—Why all this squealing? You have really been let off very cheaply. In shooting a native whom you suspected of stealing your chickens, you were casting reflections on the justice of the British Protectorate, to say nothing about violating the sanctity of human life. A jury of your friends found you not guilty in the face of the judge's direction and the clearest evidence, and it is not surprising that so amazing and scandalous a verdict should arouse feelings of disquiet among the dusky population. They naturally reflect that, as you have been allowed to shoot at sight, none of them is safe from the violence of your friends. I am very glad you are to be deported, and only regret that such an obvious step was not taken long ago. I hope the Governor's action will serve as a salutary warning to your jurymen and to any other white people who consider themselves entitled to take the law into their own hands.

JOHN BULL.

Home Secretary, London.

Early reply requested to my letter *re* "Mount Edgcumbe" Training Ship. *Don't pass it on to Masterman.*

BULL.

Members of the Stock Exchange.

Keep your eyes on "Northern Terrors."

BULL.

"HIS MASTER'S VOICE."

[With apologies to the Gramophone Company.]

A HALF-FORGOTTEN "RECORD."

JOHN BULL IN THE CITY.

By Verax.

THE MOROCCO CLOUD LIFTING — PROSPECTS OF SHARP ADVANCES.

At last the "Morocco cloud" is lifting, and if latest advices from Berlin are to be trusted, a satisfactory settlement is in sight. I never believed in Germany's alleged intention to risk a war at the present juncture, and I fancy, too, that the German negotiators were dismayed to have to face a financial crisis in Berlin. It was the case of the *Zauberlehrling* in Goethe's "Faust" over again, who exclaimed, "*Die ich rief die Geister werd ich nun nicht los.*" It is perhaps fortunate for the speedy settlement of the Morocco question that this financial collapse showed the German statesmen that they were playing with fire. Investors should now make their plans for benefiting by the low level of prices caused by the political unrest. *Argentine* and other *South American Rails* are bound to improve. *Kaffir* and *Rhodesian Mines* offer splendid margins for profits. Rubber shares are already on the up grade, and in the *Maikop Oil group* great bargains are to be met with. *Home Rails* will also benefit, but I fear further serious labour troubles. *Canadian Pacifics* will, with the termination of German liquidation, recover smartly, and *Yankees* may also temporarily improve, but the future of the latter is very doubtful.

THE FALL IN STOCKS ON THE MOROCCO TROUBLE.

The Berlin business and financial community has passed through several very ominous panics, and not without reason were the days on which these happened called the Black Saturday and Black Monday. *German Bank Shares, Industrials*, etc., were knocked about, and German operators lost heavily in *American Rails* and *Canadian Pacifics*. It is stated that something like 500,000 *Yankee Railway* shares were sold from Germany to New York, so that the latter had to stand the racket for about fifty million dollars. As regards Germany, it looked as if the whole superstructure of German financial credit would topple to the ground, and only the strongest support on the part of the banks averted serious disaster. As regards *Canadian Pacifics*, it would almost appear as if German holders had been compelled to throw the whole of these overboard, evidently at enormous sacrifices. With regard to *American Rails*, I may as well mention that I have all along warned my readers not to be drawn into this speculation, and we have recently had *Union Pacifics* at 164 x.d., to which they had come down from 220, *Southern Pacifics* down at 100⅜, *Atchison* at 104¾, and *Steel Common* at 68½. At the same time, the Morocco trouble has played havoc also with values on the London Stock Exchange. Monday, the 11th inst., was one of the worst days, as a consequence of the previous Saturday's break in Berlin, but prices went lower in some instances than on that day. *Consols*, for instance, have now fallen to 77¼, which is another low record, while the fact that *German 3 Per Cent.* stand at 81½, as compared with 85 as the highest point in the present year, need not cause any surprise, nor need one wonder at *Spanish* being down at 80⅞, as compared with 97½ as the highest price touched in 1911. *Brighton "A"* are practically at the lowest point now at 91¾, and so are *Midland Deferred* at 66, and *North Western* at 132. *Mexican Railway Ordinary* at 42¾ compare with 41⅞ as the lowest price in the current year, and 63¾ as the highest. *Associated Cements* at 5⅛ compare with 8 1/16, the highest price touched this year, and even *Coals* at 11⅛ are nearly at the bottom, and compare with 12¾ as the highest. The fact that *Hudson's Bay* shares have fallen to 98½, when *Canadian Pacifics* dropped 25 points, is not surprising, and the fall in *Rio Tintos* to 63, against 71 as the highest in 1911, is directly traceable to the general weakness in Wall Street, and to bearish views in Paris. With the Mining Market I am dealing elsewhere, but it also has suffered very heavily from the Morocco question, although it seems now disposed to a sharp rally, the moment some settlement is arrived at. Generally, no doubt, prices are at a very tempting level for the investor, but the outlook is still somewhat involved, especially as money is stopping in Berlin. The position of German credit, in fact, is very strained, in view of large withdrawals from Berlin by French and English bankers, while Germany is unable to obtain fresh accommodation in either London or New York to strengthen her position. There are, of course, plenty of bargains going, in view of the depreciation which has been caused, and thus investors have great opportunities.

AFTER FURTHER LIQUIDATION, KAFFIRS AND RHODESIANS HARDENING—WEST AUSTRALIANS DULL—ANOTHER JUMP IN TIN.

Renewed liquidation at one time caused fresh declines in *Kaffirs* as well as in *Rhodesians*, but the realisations appear to have come to an end, and unless Berlin should again allow prices to break away there seems to be a fair prospect of an improvement, especially as it is pretty evident now that there will be no war over the Morocco question, even though the negotiations may last another week. I gave in last week's issue a selection of high-class producing *Kaffirs*, together with their yield, and in one or two instances prices are still lower, although most have pretty well gravelled now. One of the firmest stocks is *New Modderfontein* at 4⅜. With regard to the August gold output of the Rand, this has created a very favourable impression, and, moreover, it is found that profits kept up wonderfully well, the chief unfavourable point being that of the *East Rand Props.*, the mystery of which is not yet solved. The Special Settlement of the Central Mining Company took place on Monday. Turning to Rhodesians, I find that only favourable advices have of late come to hand, and prices have evidently reached now a level below which they are not likely to fall. The following little table shows the course of prices :—

	Highest, 1910.	Highest, 1911.	Lowest, 1911.	Price, July 16.	Present Price.
Lonely Reef	6/-	3 5-16	2⅛	3⅛	3⅛
Rhod. Gold Mng. and Invest. ..	—	1⅞	1⅛	1 7-16	1 1-16
Sharwa Mine	5⅛	5⅛	3⅛	4 7-16	4⅛
Amal. Prop. of Rhod. (5/-) ..	13/6	9/3	5/9	6/-	5/9
Antelope (5/-)	2⅛	11/6⅛	6/-	6/6	6/-
Bucks Reef	3 19-32	2 3-16	⅛	13-16	⅞
Chartered	2 1-16	35/1⅛	1 15-32	31/-	28/3
Chicago Gaika	22/6	15/-	11/6	13/-	12/-
Eldorado Banket	4 3-16	3⅛	3	3 7-16	3 3-16
Enterprise	73/9	2⅛	1⅛	1 11-16	1 9/32
Exp. Land and Minerals (5/-) ..	13/6	8/9	5/-	5/9	4/9
Gaika Gold	42/-	38/9	27/-	1 7-16	1 15-32
Giant Mines	5 7-16	4⅛	⅛	3 3-32	2 17-32
Globe and Phœnix (5/-)	3	2 13-16	2⅛	2⅛	2 7/32
Rhodesia Cons. (10/-)	7/6	7/-	5/6	6/-	5/-
Rhodesia Exp.	4⅛	3⅛	1⅛	1 5-16	1 15-16xd
Rezende	3 1-16	2⅛	1⅛	2 5-32	1 15/16
Selukwe (5/-)	25/7½	5/6	2/-	2/9	9d.
Surprise	75/-	1⅛	⅜	27-32	⅝
Tanganyika Cons.	7⅛	6 3-16	4 5-16	4⅛	3 1-16
Willoughby Cons. (10/-)	25/6	22/6	14/-	19/6	17/3
Cam and Motor (27/6) (17/6 p.d.) ..	—	19/6	14/-	15/3	18/9*
Falcon Mines	—	2⅜	1⅛	1⅛	1⅛
Thistle Etna	50/6	1⅛	⅞	1⅛	⅞

* Now 22/6 paid.

The best shares to buy, concerning which very favourable advices are to hand, are *Lonely Reefs, Amalgamated Props. of Rhodesia, Antelope, Eldorado Banket, Rhodesia Exploration*, which are just quoted ex the interim dividend of 10 per cent., *Cam and Motor, Falcon Mines*, and *Thistle Etna*. The flotation of the *Slate-Arcturus Mine* is impending. It will greatly benefit the *Rhodesia Exploration Company*. The *Amalgamated Properties of Rhodesia* own a very large area of land, and also a variety of rich gold claims. The latest advices by *African World* cable is that they are developing a rich gold proposition in the Filabusi district, from which great results are expected. From the *Antelope* it is reported that the dyke has been cut through, and that the mine is looking well at all points. *Lonely Reefs* are only crushing with part of their stamps, and presently will increase the output considerably. The *Falcon Mines* are considered some of the most promising in Rhodesia, and the reef has been proved at considerable depth. *Chartered shares* are quoted 27s. 6d., and when the recent sales have been fully absorbed the price is bound to go up again. *Tin* was for some time very flat, the syndicate having evidently purposely allowed the price to fall in order to buy cheaper October delivery, which is likely to become very scarce. Mid-October, after touching £177, recovered very sharply to £186. It should also be remembered that the Malay Tin exports during August have again been on a very moderate scale—viz., only 3,631 tons, as compared with 4,204 tons for the corresponding month last year. Under the circumstances a further rise seems probable. *Tin shares* are steady, and amongst *Nigerians, Champion Tin* are quoted ⅝, *Lucky Chance* ⅜, *Tin Areas of Nigeria* 8s., *Naraguta* 1⅛. The last call of 5s. on the *Balcobo Company* was due on Tuesday. *West Australian Mines* have been dull, and *Ivanhoe* have not so far recovered from their price of 5¼, while *Bullfinch Props.* remain at ⅝. *Ida "H,"* after being very strong at 8s. 3d., have relapsed to 7s. 9d., apparently on the last call of 2s. per share being made, and now, with the favourable advices to hand, a sharp rally should occur. *Copper* and *Copper Mines*, after being exceedingly flat in sympathy with *American Rails*, are slightly firmer now, and *Standard Copper* in London is now quoted £55⅜ for cash. The last statistics of the American Copper Producers' Association showed a decrease during August of 1,918 tons of stock, while the world's visible supply has not been so small officially since January, 1909.

"NORTHERN TERRORS."

My paragraph last week has inundated me with inquiries. For the moment I can say no more than that it is understood that about the end of the present month a company will be put on the market for the purpose of reviving active mining operations in the Northern Territory of Australia. There is no question that this country is phenomenally rich in minerals, and that remarkable results have been obtained in the past from the mines there. About a dozen years ago the Stock Exchange went mad over the shares of the Northern Territory Goldfields—which were nicknamed "Northern Terrors." They went to a very big premium, and huge fortunes were made by those who were lucky enough to get in and out before the big "bear" raid, which brought the company down. Since then there have been all sorts of vague rumours as to remarkable crushings obtained by the private owners of the mines, and, if half of what I hear is true, we may yet see the winter season inaugurated by another "Northern Terrors" boom. I shall learn a good deal more during the ensuing week, and will keep my readers posted up to date.

A LOW-PRICED ARGENTINE RAILWAY STOCK.

The *Second Preference Stock* of the *Entre Rios Railway* is worthy of attention. The line is now doing much better than for some time, there being a traffic increase for the twelve months ended June 30 last of £72,000. In April last the directors paid for the first time an interim dividend on the *First Preference Stock* at the full rate of 5 per cent. per annum. If, as is foreshadowed, the net increase for the past year should exceed £31,000, the *First Preference* would get its full dividend again, and there would also be a fair prospect of the *Second Preference Stock* getting its 4 per cent. dividend. The last time anything was paid on this stock was for 1909 to 1910, when 1 per cent. was paid, a substantial sum being applied to reserve and renewals. A year ago £25,000 was so appropriated. Again, the new year has commenced with a traffic increase of £8,000 for the period from July 1 to September 2, 1911, and the Company has still to obtain the benefits of the recent important extensions, as well as of its acquisition of an independent entrance into Buenos Ayres. The *First Preference* is now quoted 100½, and as at the present rate of progress the payment of the 4 per cent. dividend on the *Second Preference Stock* seems to be in sight, it should not be long ere the Ordinary, too, comes within sight of a dividend. The *Second Preference* at 71, with a 4 per cent. dividend assured, is certainly not dear. *Entre Rios Ordinary* stands at 48.

ECUADOR AND THE GUAYAQUIL AND QUITO BONDS.

The accession af a new President in Ecuador has raised hopes of better things with regard to the payment of the interest on *Guayaquil and Quito Bonds*, and possibly the new President, Estrada, will accomplish what President Alfara never attempted. The ups and downs of the *Guayaquil* and *Quito Railway Company*, especially the downs, have been many. This applies more particularly to the $1,808,000 of *Five per Cent. First Mortgage Bonds*, carrying the guarantee of the Government of Ecuador. The latter, however, has failed to observe the stipulations of the contract of September 30th, 1908, under which the bondholders consented to a reduction of interest, and to other sacrifices, in order to provide funds for the proper equipment of the railway, and for the payment of the company's debts. The interest on the bonds has been in default since January, 1910, and the quotation, which reached 94 in 1905, fell, in the course of 1908 as low as 27. Since then there has been an improvement, in 1909, to 65½, while, after a further series of fluctuations, the bonds now stand at 57. Recently rumours have gained ground that the new President is in favour of a return to the paths of honesty, and that the U.S. Government is strongly backing such a policy. On the other hand, it is believed that the resources of the country would permit of the resumption of interest payments without resort to a loan, which would have to be placed with an American group, and which would give the United States further control over the Republic. Moreover, it is believed that Ecuador could always dispose of the Galapagos Islands to the United States for a very large sum. The possibilities of the bonds are thus considerable, but it is not advisable to go into ecstacies until a definite settlement has been fixed up, and the Ecuador Government has given tangible proof that it will carry out its obligations in connection therewith.

Mr. E. MALLINSON, who has been associated with the Covent Garden branch of the London City and Midland Bank for the past twelve years in the capacity of accountant, has been transferred to the head office, and will doubtless in due course assume management of an important branch.

JOHN BULL'S FINANCIAL LETTER-BOX.

(1) Letters containing inquiries must be addressed to the City Editor, JOHN BULL, 8, Copthall Buildings, E.C. The names and addresses of correspondents must be enclosed, not, of course, for publication, but in token of good faith. Anonymous communications will be disregarded.

(2) Correspondents should adopt either a nom-de-plume, or mention initials, under which the replies will appear in the paper. The stocks or subjects inquired about should also be numbered.

(3) Replies are made only in the ordinary way through the columns of this journal under the above heading, and not by letter.

(4) In no circumstances will the proprietors undertake the sale or purchase of stocks or shares.

(5) If inquirers wish it, for transacting business, the names and addresses of respectable firms of stockbrokers, members of the London Stock Exchange, will be supplied to them, in which case a stamped addressed envelope must be enclosed.

(6) A Postal Order for 1/- must accompany each Financial or Insurance Enquiry.

"NORTHERN TERRORS."—In reply to many correspondents I beg to say that I am not at present in a position to give the name and address of the new Company. All in good time.

THE SOCONUSCO RUBBER PLANTATIONS.—J. R. (London).—I hope to deal with this concern in an early issue, as soon as I have completed my inquiries.

HOUSE CONVEYANCE DURING LIFETIME.—S. G. (Brighton).—As it was clearly the intention of the father, who conveyed the house to you, that the 10s. a week should be paid to him or to your mother until her death, she should have the 10s. per week free of any expense, and under the circumstances, the mother cannot be responsible for the duty.

TRUSTEE'S ADVANCE AND BONUS.—J. WILLIAMS (Brighton).—As you could not legally claim your share until twelve months after your relative's decease, I do not think you have much case. There is nothing illegal in such a bonus, and you certainly cannot compel the Insurance Office to cancel the assignment. This, however, is a question which, being away in British Columbia, you can only fight out through an English solicitor.

CHARING CROSS BANK.—"TROUBLED" (Penarth) and A. J. O. (Kew Gardens).—You had better communicate with the official liquidator at the London Bankruptcy Court.

RUSSIAN COLLIERIES CO.—C. M. H.—No further information is at present available, but if this meets the eye of the Secretary of the Company, he will perhaps inform me how the negotiations in question stand, so that I can publish the same for your benefit and that of other stockholders in the Company.

INDUSTRIAL.—"ANXIOUS" (Earlsfield).—You can do better elsewhere, say in Home Rails. The business of the Company is necessarily of a very fluctuating character. Sound finance would call for advertising expenditure being placed to revenue, not capital account.

BRITISH ECUADOR SYNDICATE.—J. B.—I must confess my ignorance of this concern, whose shares are not marketable. Can any of my other readers enlighten me?

OBSCURE SYNDICATE.—W. H. S.—I cannot advise you to put up this money. A concern that offers £500 a year with travelling expenses should not need to require the successful applicant to take up £100 shares in it. A fidelity guarantee with an Insurance Company ought to suffice. You probably know the saying "*Timeo Danaos et Dona Ferentes.*"

DEBENTURES FOR SALE.—C. H. (Glamorganshire).—The bonds which you have forwarded to me are not realisable here, and there is no market here. The only chance you have is to try and sell them through the same people from whom you bought them. They do not even appear in the usual books of reference. The documents are returned.

OUTSIDE BROKERS.—SELOC.—The outside brokers No. 1 are undesirable. There are many complaints from clients that they do not pay up. (2) I do not know anything particular about these people, but they are, to say the least of it, doubtful. What you require has been forwarded. T. P. (Brighton).—The London County and Continental Share Exchange, of 119-120, London Wall, are, of course, outside brokers, and not particularly attractive at that, when it is considered they had been trying so hard to sell options in Canadian Pacifics—a stock which has fallen so heavily. They sold "Buy Canadas," mentioning the price of August 20th, at 234, but since then the price has been down to 225, and even now is only 229. Your trustee is quite right not to encourage such dealings, and you should confine yourself to solid investment purchases, and deal with members of the Stock Exchange only. G. R. H.—This is an outside broker, and if the position is as stated by you, that you sent £5 for an option in Midland Deferred, after which the stock rose 4 points, you ought certainly to get your money, but this kind of outside brokers are certainly not to be relied upon. DUNCAN FORBES AND COMPANY.—GUILLAUME.—(1) It is a pity that you do not read your JOHN BULL more carefully, or else you would already be fully posted with regard to this matter. Duncan Forbes and Company are in the Bankruptcy Court, and their principals are being prosecuted. (2) Whether it is possible to get your money back, I do not know, but you had better send your claim in to the Official Liquidator, c.o. London Bankruptcy Court. ARTHUR.—I cannot see that you have any real claim on this outside concern, who will hold you to the letter of the law, and to begin with, to buy Canadian Pacifics on margin at 240 or more was most foolish, as you no doubt know they have been 225 since. All I can advise you is not to do this kind of speculation again, as you are bound to lose. The documents are returned.

DIVIDEND DEDUCTIONS.—H. W.—You should ask your bankers for the date on which the stock was actually quoted ex dividend. If you sold Cum Dividend, you have to part with same; otherwise, the dividend is due to you.

ST. CECILE AND RUBBER SHARES.—CONTINENTAL.—(1) St. Cecile Plage would be a promising investment, as the value of the land in new seaside resorts generally rises considerably, and the Channel Coast and Mediterranean Freehold Estates appear now to have made very considerable progress, so that the 7½ per cent. Preference shares of the Company are a promising investment. (2) Although the price of Straits Bertam has fallen since you bought, you should hold for a recovery. (3) Same reply about Anglo-Malay, which is a good Company.

WESTERN CANADIAN STOCKBROKING.—T. B. B.—It is not a favourable opportunity at present to deal in Western Canadian business after the severe slump in Canadian Pacifics, but presently no doubt there will be plenty of people who wish to take a hand in Canadian concerns, and probably this will elicit certain answers from readers of JOHN BULL.

MONEY LEFT IN MEXICO.—MEXICO (St. Austell).—I note that a certain estate and sum of money was left by a relative in Mexico about 44 years ago. It is certainly unfortunate that you have not looked after this matter before. Mexico being an independent republic, and not a Crown Colony, you had better enquire of the Mexican representative in London, Mr. Miguel Covarrubias, of 87, Cromwell Road, S.W., as to whom you should apply in Mexico in this matter.

RICHARD GREEN PERMANENT BUILDING SOCIETY (Billiter Square Buildings, E.C.).—X. X. X.—It is certainly curious that this Company should not have taken any notice of your last communication, and you had better again write to the Secretary, demanding your money, failing which you would have to employ a solicitor.

RAILS: KAFFIRS.—RIM.—(1) Patience is necessary, pending a settlement of the railway troubles, but eventually the stock should stand at a higher level. (2 and 3). The Morocco trouble is the chief depressing factor. Hold both shares, especially Charterteds, and if you can take them off the market altogether so much the better.

BANKS: INDUSTRIALS.—W. Y. (1) Hold Bank of Egypt shares now. Egyptian securities usually improve when the Egyptian cotton crop commences to move. (2) British Oil Cakes are, obviously, highly speculative, but the Company is doing fairly well, and there is no need to sell in a hurry.

SMALL SPEC.—G. C. B.—You might put this sum into promising rubber or oil shares for instance, London Asiatics and Maikop Victorys.

HOUSE PURCHASE CERTIFICATE.—THE BARON.—Such certificates are very difficult to negotiate, as they cannot be sold in the market, and, therefore, your best plan would be to use an intermediary. I know nothing about the person in question, but he is evidently in touch with the concern, and obviously you would only hand over your certificate against cash. The documents are secured.

BUILDING RENTED FROM COMMITTEE MEN.—J. J. (South Wales).—I am afraid you have very little prospect of gaining anything by resisting these people, and it would be preferable for you to come to an amicable arrangement with them, if possible.

LOCAL LOANS.—P. C.—I do not advise a sale of your holding now, and you may look upon it as quite safe. As regards further investments, however, why not put the money either into West Australian 3½ per cent Bonds, or into a Home Railway Preferred Ordinary stock, such as Brighton. The table to be published next week of 4 to 5 per cent. yielding stocks should also help you to make a suitable selection.

[A large number of replies are unavoidably held over.]

INSURANCE REPLIES.

Insurance Enquiries should be addressed Insurance Editor, 93, Long Acre, W.C.

INSURANCE INVESTMENT.—FOREST GATE.—We certainly do not advise investment in this obscure Insurance Company, and, in any case, it is bad finance to put a very large sum in any one particular security. You had better spread the amount in question over a fair number of stocks, and the special table of four to five per cent. yielding securities, which will be published next week, should just answer the purpose.

PRUDENTIAL ASSURANCE COMPANY.—LAWRENCE (Glasgow).—You say that your husband died on June 7th, 1911, and during his enforced idleness through long continued illness his policies were allowed to fall behind, and being fifteen weeks in arrears the Company lapsed them, and refuse to give you anything for them, although you have paid in £27. If the company refuse to return you anything we fear you cannot compel them to do so, but it is a very hard case. A. G. (Whitechapel).—You do not say who signed the proposal form. Let us have that and other particulars and we will answer your enquiry. K. A. P. (Sheffield).—We do not see what you can do other than pay the arrears if you wish to keep the policy alive. T. H. (Leeds).—The shuffling way in which the Company has behaved towards you is characteristic. The policy is not enforceable, and if the agent told you it was covered by the 1909 Act he told you what was untrue. The 1909 Act does legalise certain policies, namely, those taken out to cover funeral expenses, but even in these cases the amount of the policy must be "reasonable," and the Prudential interprets reasonable (in our opinion very fairly) to be £15. MCIREND (Glasgow).—The policy is not enforceable. S. (Blackburn).—It is impossible for us to answer your question unless you give us particulars. The name upon the policy you sent us does not correspond with your own. C. S. (Studley).—Has the policy been assigned to you? You do not say. H. (Toronto).—We can do nothing if you have allowed your policy to lapse. A. B. (Bayswater).—We are sorry but we cannot help you. If you do not keep up the premiums the policy will lapse and you will get nothing. H. O. P. (Fulham).—If you will send us the particulars we will advise you. W. H. (Greenwich).—The agent has misled you. The policy would not be enforceable. A. D. (Exeter).—You should see the head office about the matter. Tell them the facts and ask them what you are to do. Let us know the result. A. H. (Leicester).—If you can prove the facts as stated in your letter you can recover the premiums.

ROYAL LONDON FRIENDLY SOCIETY.—"THREE WIVES" (Hammersmith).—The two policies are not legally enforceable. We return them under cover. M. A. (Brighton).—We do not understand from your letter the nature of the complaint. Does the Company refuse to pay the policy, and if so, why? We return it under cover.

VALIDITY OF POLICY.—"SAFEGUARD" (Dundee).—In the circumstances named the policy would not be enforceable.

ANGLO-DUTCH INSURANCE AND INVESTMENT CORPORATION.—B. A. (Aldgate).—We think you may safely continue to pay the premiums pending the result of the proceedings instituted by the Government, and you may rely upon the Company honourably fulfilling its engagements. The statement of the Managing Director, to which you direct our attention, can be relied upon, and we may add that pending the decision in the case the authorities have authorised the collection of premiums. You are mistaken in saying that the decision has gone against the Company. The case is only part heard. A. G. (Stoke Newington).—It might be better to wait the result of pending proceedings. "CLINKER" (H.M.S. Indomitable).—At the present moment there is no question of the return of premiums. If the Company should lose its action no doubt the policy holders will be protected by the Dutch Company.

BRITISH WIDOWS' ASSURANCE COMPANY.—"PERKINSON" (Fleetwood).—The Company was formed in 1902 to carry on Ordinary and Industrial business (including insurance—teal) and Annuities. We are not much in love with the form of Insurance to which you direct our attention.

LONDON AND PROVINCIAL ASSURANCE COMPANY.—"DOUBTFUL" (Bristol).—We do not think there is any reason to consider the possibility you mention.

LIVERPOOL VICTORIA INSURANCE CORPORATION.—"ANXIOUS" (Old Windsor).—If you could get the actual price you paid for them we should sell. We have no confirmation of the report to which you direct our attention.

IRELAND'S LIFE ASSURANCE COLLECTING SOCIETY.—J. P. (Cork).—We have not the information that would enable us to answer your question.

PEARL LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY.—N. (Mountain Ash).—All in good time. Meanwhile we note what you say in your letter.

CITY LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY.—W. H. (West Melton).—It is impossible for us to express an opinion upon your complaint unless you show us the correspondence. The Company may have ample ground for refusing to make the advance.

LAW INTEGRITY INSURANCE COMPANY.—A. F. R. (Wrexham).—Your questions are answered in the negative, with the exception of the one relating to Mr. Lloyd George, about whom we know nothing in this connection.

LIFE INSURANCE.—R. E. B. (Weymouth).—We cannot usefully answer your letter unless you tell us the kind of insurance you want.

UNIVERSAL INSURANCE, LOAN, AND INVESTMENT CO.—A POLICY HOLDER (Leeds).—The gentleman to whom you refer, Mr. Wadsworth, is a responsible person, and our advice to you is to accept his offer. If you and others decline to come to terms it may well end in your getting nothing. The money to provide the fifty per cent. is not coming from the assets of the Company, but from those who have been behind it, who are persons of repute, who have lost heavily through their connection with the Company, and who are behaving extremely well in finding the money that makes the present offer possible.

It is requested that all letters sent us relating to the validity of policies held in the Prudential be marked on the envelope "Prudential." Owing to the thousands of enquiries which have been received, some little delay in dealing with them is unavoidable, but every endeavour is being made to expedite answers.

Our Seaside Entertainment Scheme.

A Novel Arrangement for the Benefit of "John Bull" Readers.

We have inaugurated a scheme which will enable any of our readers to enjoy first-class entertainments during their seaside holidays at considerably reduced prices, and in many cases HALF PRICE, *during September.*

By arrangement with the Proprietors of the entertainments mentioned below, any reader on presentation of the coupon to be found on Page 1 of the cover may obtain admission at half price (or at the reduced price), to the performances as set forth below.

Coupons from our "companion" journal, "Mrs. Bull," will also be accepted.

Such arrangements have never been made before by any journal, and we are confident that those of our readers, either residents or on holiday in the towns mentioned, will not hesitate to avail themselves of these opportunities to the full.

BEXHILL-ON-SEA.—*Bijou Theatre, Town Hall Square. Coronet Entertainers, The Lawn, Marina.*
BLACKPOOL.—*Tivoli Electric Theatre (opposite North Pier). Big Wheel or Jolly Wheel.* Specially reduced admission, 2d.
BOURNEMOUTH.—*West's Pictures, Shaftesbury Hall.*
BRIDLINGTON.—*The New Spa, Gardens and Opera House.*
BRIGHTON.—*Grand Concert Hall Picture Palace, West Street.*
BROADSTAIRS.—*Bohemia.*
DEAL.—*Collins' Royal Animated Pictures, Marina Hall.*
DOUGLAS.—*Charles Dare's Minstrels, on Douglas Head. Empire Theatre.*
DOVER.—*Shanly's Animated Pictures, Wellington Hall, Snargate Street.*
DOVERCOURT.—*Victoria Hall and Gardens.*
EASTBOURNE.—*Gallery of Illustration, Terminus Road.*
FILEY.—*Andie Caine's Entertainers, The Sands.*
GREAT YARMOUTH.—*The Gem Picture Palace (opposite the Jetty).*
HASTINGS.—*Pelham Hall Electric Theatre, Pelham Place.*
HERNE BAY.—*Central Hall and Avenue Gardens, Pier Avenue.*
ILFRACOMBE.—*Gaiety Concert Hall, Promenades.*
JERSEY.—*West's Pictures, Royal Hall.*
LITTLEHAMPTON.—*Harry Joseph's Arcadia.*
LLANDUDNO.—*Arthur Sutcliffe's Entertainers. Pier Head Pavilion.*
MARGATE.—*Parade Cinema (opposite the Pier).*
MOFFAT.—*Will Knott's Entertainers, Baths Lawn.*
PAIGNTON.—*Pavilion on the Green.*
RAMSGATE.—*Royal Victoria Pavilion and Theatre.*
RHYL.—*Olympian Gardens and Al-fresco Pavilion, High Street.*
ROTHESAY.—*The Palace.* Stuart Debnam and his Jesters.
RYDE.—*Theatre Royal.*
SALTBURN.—*Electric Theatre.*
SANDGATE.—*Alhambra Theatre of Varieties.*
SCARBOROUGH.—*The Olympia Picture Palace, Foreshore Road.*
SHANKLIN.—*The Favourites. Miller's Green Esplanade.*
SOUTHEND.—*The Happy Valley.*
TEIGNMOUTH.—The Bohemians. *Esplanade Pavilion.*
TENBY.—*The Blue Myths, Coronation Gardens.*
VENTNOR.—*Electric Palace, High Street.*
WESTGATE-ON-SEA.—*Town Hall.*
WESTON-SUPER-MARE.—*Shanly's Animated Pictures, Victoria Hall, Boulevard.*
WEYMOUTH.—*Belle Vue Palace.*
WHITBY.—*The Spa.*
WHITLEY BAY.—Elderton's Entertainers, *Summer Gardens.*
WORTHING.—*The Kursaal, Promenades.* Comedy Comets

MESSRS. CHAPMAN & HALL, LTD.

Beg to announce that they will publish on OCTOBER 3 a new and important work entitled:

"BANKS AND PEOPLE"

BY

THOMAS FARROW,

Author of "The Moneylender Unmasked," "Land Banks for England," &c.

The Book, which is a fascinating social study and a serious contribution to the existing literature on the science of English Banking, outlines the best Banking System of the World; tells the story of the world-famous pioneer of People's Banks; describes the Schulze-Delitzsch and Raiffeisen system, the popular Banks of Italy, France, Russia, Switzerland and other Continental States, and relates the rise and progress of the British movement.

The scope of

"BANKS AND PEOPLE"

will be gathered from the following extract from the author's prefatory remarks:—

My object, then, has been to present as clear, concise and accurate an account of the People's Banks movement throughout Europe since the days of the inauguration in Germany during the early fifties in the last century—when those two redoubtable reformers, Schulze-Delitzsch and Raiffeisen, first stated their daring crusade—up to the present adoption of similar institutions in the United Kingdom. The lesson that this history teaches—a history covering a period less than man's allotted span—is both suggestive and great. It is the story of a noble struggle of earnest, energetic and high-purposed men against the petty meddlings and tyrannies of pragmatical officialdom, and it shows what wonders for the democracy may be achieved by concerted action, even in face of apparently insuperable impediments. It proves also the advantages of private enterprise over bureaucratic control. And it is a lasting monument to the fact of how struggling and persecuted peoples may lift themselves by dint of co-operation and self-help out of the slough of poverty and misery to a higher moral, political, financial and social level. It embodies teachings which, if rightly studied, the British people might well take to heart and apply to their own case of the masses of suffering citizens in our midst.

The book, which is calculated to achieve for the author the like well-deserved fame as attaches to his recognised Standard work on the subject of Usury, should be read by every Business man and every investor in the Kingdom.

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— ORDER TO-DAY —

CHAPMAN AND HALL, LTD.,

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THE CHILD SLAVES OF YORKSHIRE AND LANCASHIRE.—II.

By Our Provincial Commissioner.

THE CAUSES OF THE SYSTEM—OLD WORKERS' IDEAS—EMPLOYERS' SECRECY—GUARDIANS AS RECRUITING AGENTS—MASTERS WITHOUT CAPITAL—UP-TO-DATE OPINIONS.

Old Workers' Ideas.

I approached this subject with an absolutely open mind and without prejudice. I heard and saw both sides of the question, and got to the bottom of all facts submitted. I say, without hesitation, that there is not the slightest necessity for the system of the half-timer to exist a single day, beyond the capitalist interest.

The arrangement is generations old, and is really the survival of the blackest period of English commercial history, when machinery was first introduced, and the manufacturers realised what a scope it gave for the introduction of cheap child labour.

There are living to-day quite a large number of men who started their lives of toil at the tender ages of seven or eight years, but even amongst these opinions are sharply divided, and although the bulk unhesitatingly condemn the system, there are still a few who uphold it, I suppose somewhat on the principle of "I've had the fever and it did not kill me, so there is no reason why you should not have it and live. True it kills some, but that is a chance one must face." That the children of the past should have suffered is no reason why the children of the present and future should be likewise cursed, yet that is the argument, and a very weak and illogical one it is.

Employers' Secrecy.

The masters combine in a conspiracy of putting everything in the way of a revelation of what goes on in these places, and it is with the utmost difficulty that an outsider can get admission to the mills where the children can be seen at work. No commercial secret was ever more closely guarded, and the reticence shown only indicates more clearly that there is something to hide. If questioned, they point to some of the men who have been in the work all their lives and started at an early age. These are merely the survivors who have pulled through somehow. The weak ones and the failures are "down and out," and if you could find any the chances are that they would not be able to give a concrete reason why they should be suffering now from something that they cannot understand, for their mental capacity is gone. They are simply "wasters" with no interest in life.

Guardians as Recruiting Agents.

One of the hackneyed phrases which are used in defence of the employment of children is this:

"If you do away with it, you will impose many hardships on poor widows with families of small children, to whom their earnings are of great help in keeping the wolf from the door; so pity the poor widow." A more diabolical reason, under a sanctimonious cloak, was never invented. It is absolute "piffle." The poor widow these philanthropists shriek about is generally a good deal worse off afterwards than before, for this reason. A woman who is left in want will get relief from the authorities. One was brought to my notice who had been receiving the sum of 10s. per week for herself and family. As soon as the eldest boy came of age to be put in a mill as a half-timer, the officer said, "Now Tommy is old enough to go to work a bit. He will get 2s. 6d. per week to start with, so I shall report that in future your allowance will be only 7s. 6d., which will put the matter right." The poor woman was forced, therefore, to send the boy into a mill, very much against her will, the official had coerced the child into uncongenial work, and the employer gets another recruit at slavery prices. The mill-owner wants workers at 2s. 6d. per week, and the two interests dovetail together so nicely that doubtless they both pat themselves on the back. But is the poor woman better off? Not a bit of it. She is worse off than ever. Tommy now wants overalls, corduroys, has to take food with him, ruins his health by close confinement and the strain of being forced to work at top pressure, and at once commences to go down hill, both mentally and physically. Therefore the Poor Law officials act as recruiting agents for this pernicious system, never realising the fact that in all probability this same boy will in time to come, as the result of it, cost the ratepayers a great deal more than has been "saved."

Masters Without Capital.

Undoubtedly one of the causes to be considered in this matter is the fact that a good many of the masters have no capital. Men will commence working on what is called the "commission" system. These are probably those who have a good knowledge of the work—overlookers, etc., etc., who hire a room or rooms with power to run the machinery. The necessary plant is obtained on the "Kathleen Mavourneen" principle—"It may be for years and it may be for ever" on hire. Machinery can be got from the makers for 5 per cent. per annum of its cost, and one firm alone, which makes a speciality of this kind of thing, has out on loan hundreds of thousands of pounds' worth of frames. They never expect they will be paid for. Now, such "employers" get spinning to do for the larger firms, who have it done outside. They have no money to pay even the wages of their workers, so must of necessity borrow, or obtain an advance on account, from the firm whom they are working for. This firm, as a natural consequence, charges a percentage on the advance. Therefore the position of the commission man is aptly illustrated as "between the devil and the deep sea." With the interest on his machines to pay, the reduction on his price received for the work on account of having to borrow to keep going, and his own profit to get out of the transaction, the only one whom he can get it from is the worker. Here come in the half-timers. There is no standard of wages for them, and if he can get them for two shillings it is not likely he will go out of his way to pay more. Now and again, by persistent work, and other methods which can be better imagined than described, one will get the machinery paid for and a bit of money behind him. He is then held up as an example of another self-made man. But at what cost?

Up-to-Date Opinions.

The large firms who are manly enough to refuse to avail themselves of half-time workers say that the system has nothing to recommend it. Yet these firms, who pay full wages and will not take advantage of child labour, can progress just as fast, if not faster, than those who have them. They can compete successfully in the open market with the sweaters and hold their own in every way. This speaks volumes for the extinction of the disgraceful state of things. One of these has stated over and over again that there is not a single advantage appertaining to the child-work, beyond cheapness. Another, in contradiction to this, says that in reality half-time labour is the dearest. I have yet to learn that manufacturers employ a certain class of labour out of philanthropy.

The small wages earned by children are not a necessity at all; they may be a convenience, but the child pays for it in body and mind throughout the whole of his life. I will deal in my next article with the actual work itself, and its outcome mentally, physically, and morally. The latter side is one of the worst results produced, and is so far-reaching in its effects that it is sufficient to damn the system eternally, apart from any other consideration.

BIRTHDAY OF THE WEEK.

"JOHN BULL'S" GREETING.

September 22nd.—Eustace Miles.

Miles, you this day should be a happy man,
The perils of another year are passed;
Such risks beset the vegetarian
That any year may prove to be his last!

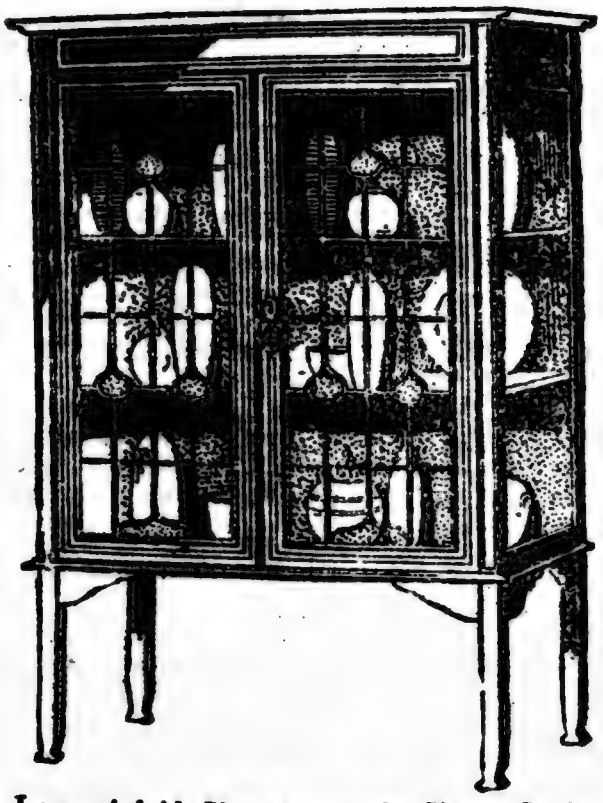
But, Eustace, you so far have 'scaped the lot,
Emerged unscathed from your stomachic trials,
(Which, by the way, as likely is as not
The one sole reason wherefore Eustace smiles!)

Have you a sovereign?
Would you double it?
Then—
Keep your eye on "Northern Terrors."

GREAT FURNITURE SALE.

LAST FIVE DAYS.

Owing to numerous requests from several of our Country Customers who have been unable to avail themselves of the opportunity of visiting our Showrooms during the last fourteen days, we have decided to extend this Sale for a further period of five days, but we particularly wish to point out that it positively ends on Saturday, September the 23rd.



Large inlaid Sheraton style Show Cabinet, lined silk or plush.

Usual price **£4 18 6**

Sale price £3 17 6

A FEW OF THESE REMAIN.

Any article not desired for immediate delivery we will warehouse free of cost for six months.

A special Sale Catalogue has been prepared, which we will be pleased to forward post free on application.

Any article we sell may be obtained on our well-known Gradual Payment system, the payments to extend over one, two or three years at the option of the purchaser. No deposit is required, and we wish to emphasise the fact that no interest or extra charges whatsoever are added.

During the Sale for cash we will allow a special discount of 10 per cent.

In order that Country Customers may have the advantage of making a personal selection, we will pay their fares to Town on all orders of £30 and upwards.

COUNTRY ORDERS CARRIAGE PAID, PACKED AND DELIVERED FREE.

Midland Furnishing Co.,

LIMITED,

15, 17, 19, 21 & 23, Southampton Row,

HOLBORN, LONDON, W.C.

Six doors from the Holborn Restaurant and Holborn Station (G.N., P. & B. Rly.), 1 minute from British Museum Station (Central London Railway), and 3 minutes from Oxford Street.

ANTICIPATED EPITAPHS.

By W. M.

Disdayned
By
Ye verie wormes,
Wythyn
Thys mounde of noysesome earth
Rottes
Ye bodie of

John Hugh Smyth-Pigott,

One tyme
Clerke in Holie Orders,
Whoo
In ye course of a bestial lyfe
Earned
So unsavourie a reputacion thatte
Hys name
STANKE
In ye nostryls of ye people.
Born
No matter when,
Hee entered ye Churche,
And for a whyle
Behaved hymselfe wyth moderate decenie:
Butte,
Discoverynge hymselfe to be possessed
Of
Unusual influence over ye feeble mindes
Of
Certayne types of foolysh women
Subjeckt to religious mania,
Hee
Determined to make profytable use of
Hys infernal power;
To ye whyche end
Hee
Declared hymselfe to bee
Ye Messiah,
And gathered around hym a bodie of
Deluded female disciples
Atte Clapton,
Where hee indulged in orgies of
Mock religion myngled wyth licentiousnesse,
Notte onlie damnynge ye soules and blyghtynge ye bodies
Of hys myserable victyms
Butte
Takynge goode care
To transfer to hys own pockett
Alle their worldlie possessions.
Clapton becomynge too hotte for hym,
Hee establyshed atte Spaxton,
In Somersetteshyre,
A secluded seraglio,
Ye whyche hee named
AGAPEMONE,
Or
Ye Abode of Love,
Where
From tyme to tyme
Hee increased ye populacion of these Isles.
After an incredible and discreditable delay
Ye Churche,
Convinced atte laste of hys salaciousnesse,
Unfrocked hym,
Whereafter hee fledde for a whyle abroad,
Butte returnynge
Reassumed hys evil lyfe wyth renewed gusto.

Stranger, passe onne now you have read,
Nor pause one moment more:
More foule was hee who here lies dead
Thanne alle who've lyved before.
Leave hym wyth speede wythyn hys stinkynge tombe,
And seeke—oh, seeke in haste!—some sweete perfume!

GRAVES

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GRAMOPHONES

Write for our Catalogue to-day

IMAGINARY INTERVIEW.

By WALTER MOORE.

JACK JOHNSON.

Immediately I heard that an effort was being made to prevent the great fight between Jack Johnson and Bombardier Wells at Earl's Court for the boxing championship of the world, I sped across to Paris for the purpose of interviewing the dusky pugilist.

I found him at his villa at Neuilly, chasing a fast-running French chicken in the back garden.

"Hello, yo," cried Johnson, as he made an unsuccessful grab at the fowl, which, uttering loud chawks, got away with the loss of one tail feather; "wot yo' want?"

"Have you heard the news?" I asked, excitedly. "The fight is not to come off!"

"Wot yo' mean?" demanded Johnson, striding threateningly towards me.

"The Wesleyan Methodists have put their foot down, and declare that such a degrading exhibition shall not be given in London, or anywhere in England, for that matter."

"Ho, ho!" laughed the big negro. "Dey say dat, do dey? I'll fight Wells if I have to fight de 'ole mob of Wesleyan Methodists to get at him. I'se spilin' fo' de fight. Wot yo' tink I'se chasin' dat dere chick fo', eh?"

"No idea," I said.

"Fo' pace," exclaimed Johnson, "so's I kin chase Wells aroun' de ring w'en he runs away. See?"

"Don't be so sure he will run away," I retorted.

"Sure 'nuff, he'll run," declared the black. "I'se out to win. First, I shall hit him so."

And suiting the action to the word, Johnson landed me a hard right alongside the ear that made me feel sorry for Wells.

Just as the last brilliant star flickered out I heard Johnson's voice, as if coming from afar, say—

"Den I shall hit him so."

"So" was a short-arm punch in the ribs that made me feel sorry for myself. I thought about it for a few moments.

"Time!" yelled Johnson, grabbing me by the collar, and setting me on my feet.

"Den I shall hit him—so."

This time "so" was a smack in the neck that sent me staggering sideways helplessly towards the scared chicken.

Recovering my balance—somehow—I commenced to utter an indignant protest.

"Look here," I began.

"Den I shall hit him—so!" yelled Johnson, feinting several times, and at last dropping his ebony fist firmly upon my nose.

Gentle reader, did you ever run into a door in the dark, or impinge your nasal organ on a lamp post through looking round at a pretty girl on the other side of the way? Yes? Then, I'll say no more.

Luckily I had two pocket handkerchiefs with me.

But Johnson had not yet finished.

"Den I shall hit him——"

"Quite so," I said, hurriedly, sprintng round the garden, with Johnson close at my heels.

If a quiet charming white woman had not suddenly appeared, I dread to think what might have happened.

"Jack!" she cried, "what are you doing?"

"On'y jest chasin' dat chick, ma honey," replied Mistah Johnson, looking a little shamefaced.

"And how did this gentleman get his nose a-bleeding?" she inquired further.

"Er—only just chasing that chick, madam," I stammered.

Jack Johnson thrust out his huge hand.

"Say, boss," he cried, "you're a sport. Dis am Missis Johnson. Ma honey," he added, turning to his wife, "'wasn't chasin' dat chick. I just stroked him gently on de nose, an' de blood come, see?"

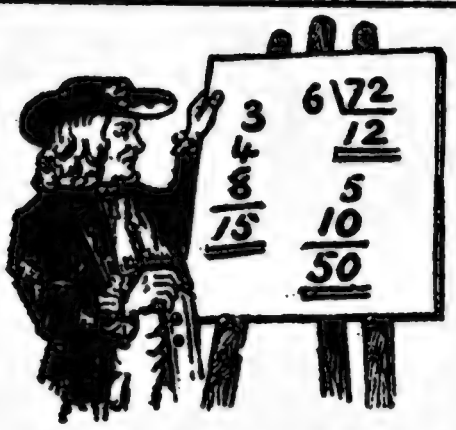
"Then, you ought to be thoroughly ashamed of yourself," cried Mrs. Johnson. "Why did you hit him?"

"Because he says de fight is not to come off, because de Wesleyan Methodists have put dere foot down."

"The fight not come off!" cried Mrs. Johnson, flushing. "The fight will come off, or I'll know the reason why. After buying you all these fast-running chickens for you to chase, to bring your weight down, I'd like to see the Wesleyan Methodist who will stop the fight. Jack Johnson, you've got to fight—and win. See?"

"Yaas, ma honey," answered Johnson, grinning from ear to ear.

There's many a worse man than Johnson, I thought subsequently—a good deal subsequently, though.



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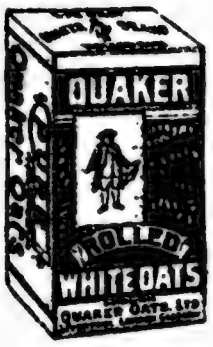

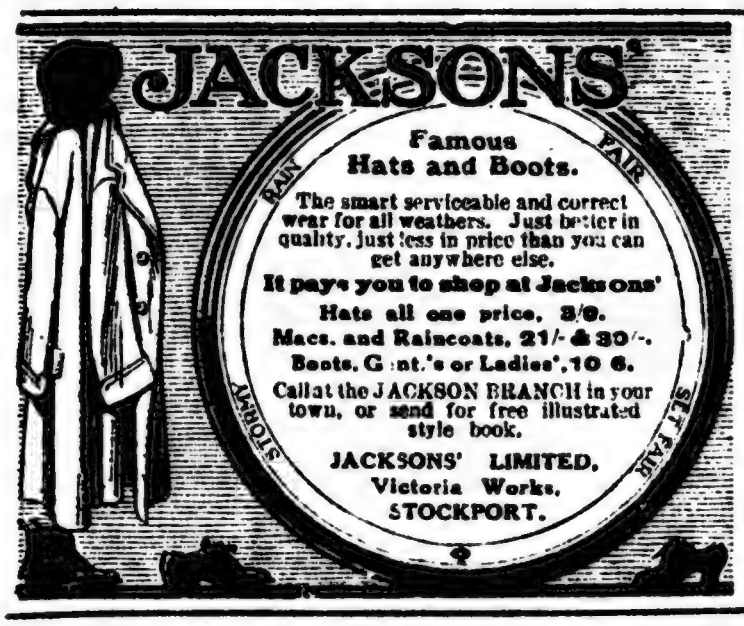
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By LOUISE HEILGERS.

Preface by HORATIO BOTTOMLEY, M.P.

PRICE ONE SHILLING.

JOHN BULL LEAGUE DAY

AT THE FESTIVAL OF EMPIRE, CRYSTAL PALACE, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 7th.

We would remind members of the League and our readers generally that they can obtain combined rail and admission tickets at the special price of 1s., and admission to all the principal side-shows at the Festival of Empire at greatly reduced prices.

All they have to do is to cut out one of the special coupons appearing in every issue of JOHN BULL, present the top half at any of the railway stations mentioned thereon, when a third-class return railway ticket, including admission to the Palace, will be issued at the special price of 1s., instead of the usual 1s. 6d. To those who do not travel by train admission to the Palace will be obtained at half-price, namely 6d., on tendering the JOHN BULL coupon at the turnstiles. The lower half must be retained and in exchange for this the holder will on arrival at the Palace, be handed a set of vouchers admitting to the following side-shows at specially reduced prices :—

	Usual Price.	JOHN BULL *Coupon-holders.*
"Wild Australia"	6d.	4d.
Bostock's Zoological Congress ..	6d.	4d.
"River Caves"	6d.	4d.
Coaster Railway	6d.	4d.
Flying Chairs	6d.	4d.
"Eddystone Ride" (Mountain Railway)	6d.	4d.
Empire Cinematograph Theatre	6d.	2d. and 1d.
M. Beaumont's Aeroplane ..	6d.	3d.
Great Fire of London	4d.	2d.
Billiken Joy Wheel	3d.	2d.
Blue Dome Joy Wheel ..	3d.	2d.
Magic Ride	3d.	2d.
Castle of Fun	3d.	2d.
Ostrich Farm	3d.	2d.
Baby Incubators	3d.	2d.
"Old London"	2d.	1d.

In addition to the above, there will be the special free attraction of an exhibition swim by Burgess, the conqueror of the Channel, who will afterwards be presented by Mr. Horatio Bottomley, M.P., with the JOHN BULL Cup and a cheque for £100; an attempt by Mr. G. A. Olley, the well-known racing cyclist, on the 20 miles record; the appearance of that ever-popular artiste, Harry Tate, as a real motor cyclist, and to wind up a great mass meeting in the Centre Transept, at 7.30, when the President of the League will preside and make an important speech. Full particulars next week.

JOHN BULL LEAGUE DAY.

FESTIVAL OF EMPIRE, CRYSTAL PALACE, OCTOBER 7th.

On surrender of this Voucher at the Booking Office of any of the Stations named hereunder a third-class return ticket to the Crystal Palace, including admission, will be issued on payment of One Shilling. Children under 12 years, half price.

S.E & C.R. STATIONS.

Victoria, Grosvenor Road, Battersea Park Road, Holborn Viaduct, Ludgate Hill, St. Pauls, Snow Hill, Loughborough Junction, Wandsworth Road, Clapham Road, Brixton, Camberwell, Walworth Road, Elephant and Castle, Denmark Hill, Peckham Rye, Brockley Lane, Honor Oak, Bromley South, Shortlands, Beckenham Junction, Nunhead, Lordship Lane, Upper Sydenham, Crofton Park, Catford, Bellingham, Beckenham Hill, Ravensbourne, Lewisham Road, Blackheath Hill, Greenwich Park.

L.B. & S.C.R. STATIONS.

Victoria, London Bridge, Balham, Battersea Park, Brockley, Carshalton, Clapham Junction, Clapham Road, East Croydon, West Croydon, South Croydon, Denmark Hill, Deptford Road, East Brixton, Honor Oak Park, New Cross, Norbury, Norwood Junction, Old Kent Road, Peckham Rye, Queen's Road, Rotherhithe, Selhurst, Shadwell, Shoreditch, Streatham Common, Sutton, Thornton Heath, Wallington, Wandsworth Common, Wandsworth Road, Wapping, Whitechapel.

This Voucher must be detached and surrendered at the Station Booking Office.

To be torn off on this line.

JOHN BULL LEAGUE DAY, FESTIVAL OF EMPIRE, CRYSTAL PALACE.

This part of the Coupon is to be given up at the Crystal Palace Turnstiles and, in exchange, the bearer will receive Vouchers entitling him at the reduced prices to admission to Side Shows.

HERBERT W. MATTHEWS,
General Business Manager.

Those who do not travel by train should present this coupon intact at the entrance to the Palace.

A Dressmaker

NERVOUS INDIGESTION, SICKNESS, NEURALGIA

Being a worker who has the wit to think for herself, Miss Bursill concluded that as Royalty, wealthy people, and celebrities are *certain* to command the very best skill and experience available, and as all these exalted people found relief in *Phosferine* evidently the same tonic would be *just as helpful* to herself as to distinguished people. Miss Bursill had endured for years the blighting devastation of indigestion, enfeebled by distaste for food, sick, neuralgic, and hopeless until the *Royal confidence* in Phosferine roused her to give it instant trial. Gathering force and vigour hourly under the new access of vitality imparted by Phosferine, she was soon able to dismiss the bondage of pain, to thrust aside the drudgery of years, and feel a joy and pleasure in life and work which the *lasting* improvement effected by Phosferine alone makes possible.

TOTALLY REMEDIED.

Miss E. Bursill, 22, Patmos Road, Vassall Road, N. Brixton, writes :—"I have derived great benefit from Phosferine. I had been suffering from indigestion for years and tried various remedies, but without obtaining the least good result. The food I ate caused me the most distressing pain and discomfort, and frequently sickness followed my meals, so that I began to loathe the sight of food of any kind. The low state I was in brought on severe neuralgia; sleep at night was impossible, and indeed so utterly depressed and low-spirited did I become that life seemed not worth living. I got so tired of taking different medicines that I was with difficulty persuaded by a friend to give Phosferine a trial, but after continuing with it a few days the effect it had on improving my health was marvellous. I felt better in every way, the neuralgia disappeared, and the Indigestion relieved, so that I was again able to enjoy my food. Now I feel as bright as before I felt dejected, my work becomes a pleasure, and life has quite a different aspect. The improvement has been so *lasting* and I now feel so well, that I could not help telling you how splendidly Phosferine has restored me to health."—May 5th, 1911.

PHOSFERINE

THE GREATEST OF ALL TONICS.

A PROVEN REMEDY FOR

NEURALGIA	MATERNITY WEAKNESS	HYSTERIA
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BRAIN-FAG	PREMATURE DECAY	EXHAUSTION
LASSITUDE	INFLUENZA	MALARIA
INDIGESTION	ANAEMIA NEURITIS	NERVOUSNESS

And all disorders consequent upon a reduced state of the nervous system.

The Royal Tonic.

Phosferine has been supplied by Royal Commands

To the Royal Family
H.I.M. The Empress of Russia
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And the Principal Royalty and Aristocracy throughout the World.

The 2/9 size contains nearly four times the 1/1½ size.

THE DRAMA OF TO-DAY.

By M. Clement Scott.

"The Ogre."

Is he? Certainly not! Nicholas Fawsitt is just one of those hard-working, home-loving, domesticated men that any woman, save the butterfly type, would go down on her knees and worship. But Dorinda Fawsitt, second wife to Nicholas, is a flippant, worldly, vain, and inconsequent sort of little person. What does she care about anything so long as her husband gives her all the money her greedy, selfish nature craves for? Does she mind how long poor Nicholas grinds at his desk in his city office? Does she notice how grey his hair is getting, and how haggard his cheek is becoming? Nothing short of a bomb exploding at Dorinda's feet will alter her determination to surround herself with everything that is most expensive and most luxurious. She must have her Japanese ball, she must have her large staff of servants, she must be gowned in the costliest confections, be the petted spoiled darling of the unnatural crowd she moves in, but listen to the voice of love or be guided by any desire to bring happiness into the life of the man she is wedded to—never! What happens then? Why, George Alexander, otherwise in Henry Arthur Jones's play at the St. James's, called "The Ogre," finding finance has dwindled down to a very small suburban income, for the first time, asserts his authority, "dons the breeches," and carts the disconcerted Dorinda from the purlieus of Portman Square to a rural cottage the lady had taken for week-ends only, at a place named Paunder's Green.

Here, without any attempt at elaboration, H. A. Jones shows us what jolly good stuff men can be made of, and how idiotically insignificant woman really is without the strength of man to help her. It is a case of "Nicholas versus Dorinda," and "Nic." gains triumphantly. Dorinda is like clay in his hands. She gets all the servants to give notice, thinking that without them, her husband will surrender and return to Portman Square. But there is an old gardener—faultlessly acted by Sydney Valentine—whose presence Dorinda has not counted upon. This intelligent being who, as he says, has "had some of it himself," orders in one chop and a pint of ale from the neighbouring inn, and the rest of the hungry household has to look on while Nicholas devours his luncheon, thoroughly enjoying it. But Fawsitt is cruel only to be kind, and in the right sort of way, too, for Dorinda, worn out with being check-mated at every move, throws herself into her devoted husband's arms, and vows obedience for ever more. The pretty personality of Miss Kate Cutler carries her safely onward to success, for Dorinda is a character very difficult to play, as she is constantly at war with sympathy. All the more credit to her, then, that she gets there safely. There is a grim irony about Mr. Jones's comedy that will drive straight home to many a heart. It is ridiculous nonsense to talk about Ibsen as being the pioneer of preaching plays. Nobody but a novice would be guilty of this error. Emile Augier, Dumas, and I don't know how many more moral philosophers were known in Europe ages before we knew Sweden or Norway had any dramas at all.

"The Hope."

Messrs. Raleigh and Hamilton are very wonderful people! Authors have tried, and authors have failed, at old Drury Lane, but these two writers go on for ever. And if "The Whip" was such a glorious triumph at the Lane, what of "The Hope"? Was ever the magic skill of Arthur Collins so taxed before? Have scenes like the "Interior of the Dewen-I-Khas, Delhi," the lovely "Garden at Carysford Chase," with its winding walks laden with old-world flowers, its high banks with steps leading to the great copper beech tree round which is circled a seat reminiscent of Marcus Stone's pictures, "The Hotel on Fire" with its ugly noise of hissing steam breaking its way through the floor, and then "The Earthquake," an indescribable picture of terror, where men, women, and children are buried alive beneath tottering masses of houses, bridges, and buildings been seen on any other stage in the world? Although the acting is about as good as it can possibly be, and although the cast includes the names of favourites like Fanny Brough, Kate Rorke, Madge Fabian, Evelyn D'Alroy, Cyril Keightley, Lyston Lyle, Charles Rock, and Frederick Ross, and the drama is far and away the best Messrs. Hamilton and Raleigh have written, it is that weird and terrible earthquake which remains imprinted on my memory. It is at once the most thrilling and realistic thing the British public has seen in any theatre.

"It's great!"

Are you warm, weary and worn? Take a glass of

ROSS'S

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See how it refreshes you; quenches your thirst; reinvigorates the brain as well as cools the body. With a slice of lemon, "Ross" is most delicious. The third generation of the "Ross" family sees personally to the production of "Ross" at every stage.

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22

BULL'S EYES.

NOTES OF INTERROGATION:—
Isn't keeping the peace between France and Germany a question of which piece?
Wasn't the school strike trouble soon "thrashed" out?
Isn't the latch-key decision a modern "Rape of the Lock"?
Will it be "buy" or "good-bye" to the Crystal Palace?
Will the railless tramcar mean a rail less one?
Hasn't prohibition proved a tee-total failure in Maine, U.S.A.?
Is the success of Russian dancers due to their familiarity with Steppes?

The bakers who have gone on strike at Southampton are now loafing in another sense.

The Rev. S. Swann has rowed the Channel. We should have expected him to fly or swim it.

"Many a man has more religion in him than he is ready to admit," says the Dean of Westminster. How can it be in him unless he admits it?

A "Never-stop" railway is the latest proposition. A "never-strike" one would be better.

Colonel Green, the American millionaire, who has received 6,242 proposals of marriage by letter, now says he is not "taking any."

A Nottingham swimmer 'who intends to try and swim the Channel, has lost his right leg.' But he has got one left.

Sir H. Tree's ghosts seem to put the cleverest inventions in the shade.

Two bats were found dead in an incandescent light globe at Chatham. The match proved too much for them.

"As a rule it is wise of wives to submit to their husbands," says Mr. Plowden. We always thought the whys caused all the trouble.

The most dangerous thing for an aviator is a sneeze, we are told. It might cause him to be snuffed out, we suppose.

The Chinese are using needles as scarecrows. English specimens apparently haven't had one near them for years.

Three burglars were recently captured by field glasses. A change from the old lament: "So near and yet so far."

"Was he a sober or a drunken man?" a witness was asked at Shoreditch. "Well, middling," was the reply. Sounds like the half-way house.

"German Plans," says a heading about Morocco. But can they be built upon?

"Fire at a publisher's," we read. Volumes of smoke, of course.

Cuffe has collared his 100th wicket.

Pillo won the Ebor Plate. No sleepy head there, evidently.

A dog now protects Westminster Cathedral at night. With selections from Bach we suppose.

We read of a pig that is fond of beer. It seems natural for it to have a hogshead.

"No child has ever been born with a taste for pickles," says Dr. Hutchinson. But most of them are born saucy.

Lord Walsingham denies the report that he is able to shoot wasps on the wing. Perhaps he can shoot them on the tail.

"What to sell at a Bazaar," an article is headed. Wouldn't "Who to sell" be nearer the mark?

"The most beautiful things cannot be produced by machinery," we read. But many owe their best things to a turn in Fortune's wheel.

A man charged with drunkenness at the Tower Court failed, when asked by the doctor, to say "Azure Main." Doubtless the very thought of water confused him.

Barmen now want a union. They should have no difficulty in pulling together.

"I wish policemen would sometimes remember the advantage of the 'blind eye,'" says Mr. Plowden. But it might mean a dotted eye.

The prison sheep at Dartmoor have been sold. Not all black, we hope.

Cider is very popular, we are told. It should be, since Eve took the apple in cider.

"Clock made from an old bedstead," says a heading. Just the thing for a good tick.

Mr. Robert Loraine has taken a lease of the Criterion. We wish him wings of fortune.

"Seven millions from tobacco," we read. Something like returns.

Gaudy socks, a fashion note informs us, are doomed. Dyeing rapidly, in fact.

The Yarmouth woman who wanted a separation because her husband treated her as "a dog and a doormat" evidently had a bone to pick with him.

Open Letter to "John Bull."

Sept., 23/1911.

Dear John,

Why should you or any man buy "a pig in a poke"? We maintain that the "Erasmic" Shaving Stick is superior to any other and if the soap does not prove this by test then you get your money back. That's our British way of selling a British soap—on merit only.

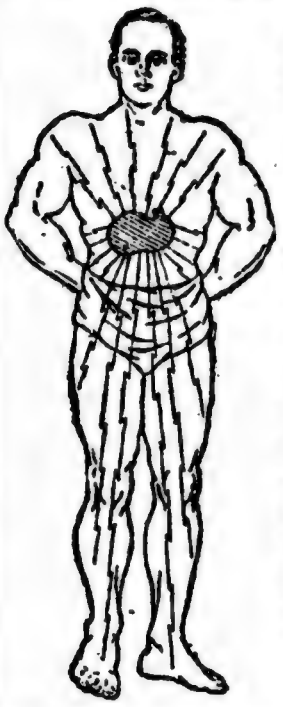
Trial Sample 2d. stamps; money back if not satisfied.

Yours truly,
"ERASMIC."

The Erasmic Co., Ltd.,
(Dept. K), Warrington.

HOW TO CURE YOUR STOMACH TROUBLE.

People who have stomach disorders are never in good health. They are continually suffering from one thing or another.



As long as your food digests properly, the machinery of the body works in harmony, but put the stomach out of commission, and the whole machinery goes to smash. You know that if you are a sufferer from weak stomach or dyspepsia.

When your food fails to digest, it ferments and creates poisons, which are absorbed into the blood. Then the organs dependent upon the stomach for nourishment receive poisonous matter instead. Disease is the result. You can't cure it until you cure the stomach, and you can't cure the stomach until you have restored its vitality. Drugs won't restore it because they tear down vitality. You can force the stomach with strong stimulants, but that won't cure it.

Electricity is the power that creates vitality and energy. If you want to restore the activity of a weak organ, the electric method is a certain way of doing it.

The 'Ajax' Dry Cell Body Battery is a device for saturating the body with a powerful stream of electric life. It fills the nerves and vitals with new energy, and gives new strength to every part of the body. It is the only successful body battery made. It has cured hundreds of cases of stomach trouble, and many other chronic complaints, after all other treatments failed.

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JOHN BULL'S LETTER BAG.

[THE EDITOR *replies to, and has a chat with, some of his numerous correspondents.*]

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Will readers, when sending cuttings from newspapers, take care that in each case a sufficient portion is sent to identify the name of the paper and the date of issue?

CORRESPONDENTS, when referring to previous communications which they may have addressed to us, should always mention the nature of the matter therein referred to. Owing to the great increase in the number of ENQUIRIES *received consequent upon the abnormal growth in our circulation, it is no longer possible to answer them all in "Letter Bag," and only* THOSE OF GENERAL INTEREST *will be noticed. The Editor will, of course, still be grateful for information, "biscuit" material, newspaper cuttings, etc.*

AUTHORS and ARTISTS *submitting MSS. and drawings for consideration must write name and address upon the back of their work. The Editor cannot accept any responsibility for the safe custody of MSS., etc., so forwarded, but will endeavour to return unaccepted work* WHEN STAMPED, ADDRESSED ENVELOPES ARE SENT FOR THE PURPOSE. *All matter submitted must be* ORIGINAL UNLESS OTHERWISE STATED. *The most suitable lengths for articles and stories are about 750 words (one column), or 1,500 words (a page).*

The Editor cannot express any opinion upon the value of postage stamps, old china, pictures, coins, books, etc.

CORRESPONDENTS ARE REQUESTED NOT TO SEND ORIGINAL CERTIFICATES, TESTIMONIALS, ETC., *as, though every effort is made for their safe custody, they are liable to be mislaid. Copies only of such documents should be sent in the first instance; if inspection of the originals is required, a request will be forwarded to that effect.*

ANONYMOUS CORRESPONDENCE is increasing steadily. In future, we will disregard any letter which is not duly authenticated, with name and address, which may be given in strict confidence.

FORWARDING LETTERS, ETC.—Our correspondence is growing so enormously that we have to discourage all idea of PUTTING OUR READERS INTO COMMUNICATION WITH ONE ANOTHER. *If the practice grew, we should want an extra staff of clerks, fresh offices, and Jim Crow to keep the peace.*

J. S. H. (Birkenhead) thinks it unfair that a charge should be made for *seats in public parks.*

S. McA. (Salisbury).—We do not see how you can compel the Post Office to produce a *parcel* which they have *lost.* There ought to be means of extorting compensation, but we fear there are not.

G. D. (Tolga, N. Queensland) was shown the autograph book of a young lady from Chillagoe, and found the old, familiar lines:—

"Not drunk is he who from the floor
Can rise and stand and still drink more,
But drunk is he who when he lies
Can neither drink nor roll nor rise."

The strange thing is that these lines were signed *James Crow*, December 26th, 1904, for Jim says he has never been to Chillagoe. The other Jim is described as being "about 40 years of age, slightly bald, with light blue eyes and a clerical hat." This sounds rather like our Jim, especially the hat, and identity is strengthened by the news that Jim was "always shouting for drinks out of his turn."

A. R. (Leyton) thinks people are equally divided as to the *correct side for pedestrians*, but surely he knows they ought to keep to the right.

T. D. R. (Finsbury Park) took three hours and forty minutes to *travel from Fenchurch Street to Southend.* He says his fellow-travellers took full advantage of the opportunities to get out and pick flowers from the railway banks by the way.

"PABULUM" wishes that *pit ponies* could "go on strike for fair treatment and food, or kick to the bitter end." Better still, we would like to see the animals superseded by mechanical traction.

"A WINNIPEGGAR."—You have forgotten to send the money for the *Human Document* in which you are interested.

"FIAT JUSTITIA" (Liverpool).—We have received your letter, and will have the matter enquired into. Meantime, please forward us your name and address that we may communicate with you direct.

R. A. (Edinburgh), like ourselves, protests against the *Chancellor of the Exchequer* preaching sermons. They do not blend with finance.

SEVERAL READERS call our attention to an obvious slip in the article on Keir Hardie in our issue of the 9th, in which we spoke of "the late *Mr. Broadhurst.*" Happily, he is still with us.

"LEX" (Strand) takes up the cudgels on behalf of *the Post Office.* He applied to the National Telephone Company for an instrument to be fixed at his flat in Shaftesbury Avenue, and, after considerable correspondence with them, ultimately asked the Post Office to do the work. The result was that the telephone was fixed within two days of the signing of the contract. This is certainly a compliment to the organisation of the Post Office Telephone Department.

W. G. (Kindersley, Sask.) is getting on all right in Canada, but writes: "What I object to is the illustrated *lectures on Canada* given in England, the glowing accounts published, pamphlets issued, etc., which without doubt are true, but at the same time very deceiving." There is a nice polite compromise for us all.

G. C. S. (Dumbartonshire) writes:—"I am considering about writing a special Article for JOHN BULL upon *Poisonous Whisky.* I have been forty-one years a specialist in the Article, and I have no hesitation in saying that the revelations should astound the world over. The Fee for this will be only Five Guineas cash. This is extremely moderate when you consider my long experience." But if the stuff is so poisonous, why did he go on drinking it so long? Besides, Jim Crow is our Whisky Expert.

C. S. (Wandsworth Road) says he has discovered a trick whereby *a man can be buried in a back garden* for one and a half hours to six months, and come out quite healthy, and the grave could be thoroughly tested by pick and shovel before lowering and covering up. All right, why not experiment on Mr. Masterman?

E. R. (Fulham) sends us *proposals for eighteen reforms.* One of them runs "Living wage. Age fourteen 2d. per hour, sixteen 3d., eighteen 4d., twenty-one 5d., and twenty-three 7d." Why not continue the process, and give us quite a nice little round sum when we reach four score years and ten? "All accounts to be settled the last day of the month, unless a security is given." We would rather abolish credit altogether. "Salaries not to exceed £1,000 yearly. Employ only married men on the telephone and in the Post Office. This Bill would increase our population." Wonderful invention, the telephone! "General election, general holiday for twenty-four hours, except when animals are to be fed." Rough on the women!

(*Continued on page* 442.)

The **SOFT Double Collar**

is accepted to-day as the most comfortable and convenient Collar for all Sports wear.

Summit 49—The Soft Dressed Collar made from 'Summit' shrunk materials, and with the small eyelet holes for the safety pin—has been so big a favourite that we were quite unable to keep abreast of the demand.

Please accept our apologies if we disappointed you.

An ample stock of this popular Collar is now to be found at each of our shops, and post orders will be filled by return of post.
Half-sizes, 13½ to 18 inches.
One depth, 2 inches.

6 for 3/-

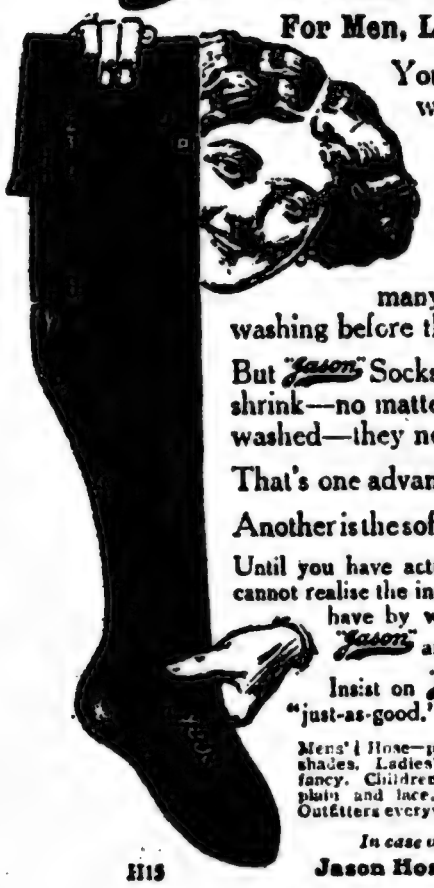
Sample Collar and Booklet 6½d. post free.
Address applications to 28, Nicholl Square, E.C.
——'Summit' Safety Pins 6½d. each.——

Austin Reed Ltd

113, REGENT ST., W. — 13, FENCHURCH ST., E.C.
157A, CHEAPSIDE, E.C. — 5, ST. MARY AXE, E.C.

"Jason"
ALL WOOL UNSHRINKABLE

Socks & Stockings.
For Men, Ladies & Children.



You expect ordinary all-wool hosiery to shrink.

You buy them too large to allow for it.

Then it is merely a question of how many times they will stand washing before they are too small.

But "Jason" Socks and Stockings never shrink—no matter how often they are washed—they never get too small.

That's one advantage.

Another is the soft silky finish of "Jason"

Until you have actually experienced it you cannot realise the increased comfort you can have by wearing "Jason" And "Jason" are all-British-made.

Insist on "Jason"—there are none "just-as-good."

Mens' Hose—plain and in vertical stripes, art shades. Ladies' Hose—ribbed, plain, lace and fancy. Children's Hose and Socks—ribbed, plain and lace. Of Drapers, Hosiers, and Outfitters everywhere.

In case of difficulty, write—

H15 **Jason Hosiery Co., Leicester.**

"SHY" (Burnley) wants to know if an advertised *cure for blushing* can possibly be genuine; but why be ashamed of the practice in this unblushing age?

"A WHITE MAN" (Colombo) says the *stewards* on some of the great *ocean liners* have no accommodation where they can obtain a meal in comfort or decency. Unless they can get an empty cask or barrel from the store-room, they are obliged to stand up and bolt their food like so many cattle, at the same time being on the alert for a call from passengers.

"FLODDEN FIELD" says a Scot usually becomes notorious by hanging on to an Englishman's coat-tails; and with regard to his being low and base-minded, that is not possible since he is not a son of Scotia. "It is a well-known fact," he adds, "that *the Scotch* are the most boorish, immoral and drunken people in Europe—so much for their steadfast principles." Now we shall have some polite language from over the Border.

W. D. (Pontypridd) takes us to task for calling *stag-hunting* barbarous, and for confessing a sneaking regard for the ancient pastime of *ratting*. But surely there is a considerable difference between a stag and a rat.

J. H. (Sydney) writes:—"Having thirteen years' experience in *Australia* I have found this a dreadful country to get on in. I can tackle almost anything, and I have just managed to make a very poor living. Many of the Australians treat us as foreigners, and think we are a lot of thieves and cut-throats."

G. H. B. (Mackay, Queensland) has been reading us all over the world, not excepting Papua, and the only fault he has to find is that the edges of *our pages are cut so close* that a quantity of the reading matter is invariably destroyed. If this were true we should certainly cut off our printer's ears but we think the damage must have been done by the Papuans. Perhaps they mistook us for pap.

A. H. (Kidderminster) thinks it unfair to punish men who leave horses unattended outside public houses, and not to punish men who leave *motor cars unattended*. Well, a motor car does not very often start off by itself and rush into the nearest shop-window.

G. H. W. (Oldham) wants "public revenue to be raised on a sliding scale according to ability to pay, in like manner as a municipality levies rates on householders." Does it? He also argues in favour of a minimum wages bill and offers us "a *simple* common-sense *scheme to abolish starvation*." We should certainly much like to see it.

D. G. T. (North Kensington).—Why do so many readers want to give us biscuits whenever we allude to "*old ladies of both sexes*"? Have they never been in the House of Commons?

F. H. M. (Chilliwack, B.C.) writes:—"I would be glad if you either forward my name to some reliable people whereby there is a chance of getting a little money, or send me their address. It appears *rather a big order*, but I think JOHN BULL is able to stand the weight." We are looking for those people ourselves.

G. A. R. (Halifax) wants to know whether it is true that *Ireland* pays her fair share of Imperial *taxation*. At present, yes.

R. G. R. (Middlesbrough) says the *air-tight tanks in the life-boats on liners* ought to be made of copper, and copper only, but that sometimes a steel tank, copper dipped, is used. We fear we are not experts enough to know how much this matters.

MRS. G. S. (Newcastle) says:—"Evidently you don't understand Scotch humour." We never heard of such a thing.

A. W. (Southall) evidently paid 2d. extra for manners when he went to school. This is how he begins. "I now with great respect beg you to receive my letter and grant me the favour to cast your eyes over it." We have graciously condescended to do so, and we find he has discovered that "the strength of our people intellectually and physicaly is declining and will increasingly continue to decline in consequence of the more pronounced habits of the nation's life in pursuits of more and more *pleasure so-called*, and this more, mostly by aid of artificial than by daylight cannot be controverted or denied, and tending greatly to weaken the fibre of our nerve power in brain and body, this habit, taking away from the sweet balmy repose the hours of refreshing repose in the darkness and still night only, can in best measure be given in Perfection." We might have some hesitation in endorsing this theory, but he disarms us by saying in conclusion "my old Patriotic emotionalism in my 94½ year urges me to speak out." To parody an old proverb, great reverence is due to second childhood.

[We regret we are obliged to hold over a large number of replies.]

£500 FOR A COPY OF "JOHN BULL."

UNIQUE OFFER FOR THE MILLIONTH COPY OF "JOHN BULL" SOLD IN ONE WEEK.

The regular weekly circulation of JOHN BULL is gradually approaching one million copies, and in this connection we now make the following unique offer:—

We will pay the sum of £500 for the first millionth copy actually sold. This is no lottery. We wish to obtain the copy, frame it, and preserve it, as marking an absolute record in the case of a British Weekly Periodical.

We could easily increase our printing order to one million and preserve the millionth copy so printed. That, however, would have no future value. What we desire to secure is the first *millionth copy* actually circulated in the Trade *and sold*—and this is how we propose to get it. Such copy will bear upon it a distinctive number (not necessarily 1,000,000)—made automatically by the printing machine and unknown to any living soul except the directors of John Bull, Ltd., who guarantee that the copy so numbered will go into circulation through the Trade in the ordinary way.

The millionth copy may be in circulation any week now, and all we ask our readers to do is to carefully preserve their JOHN BULLS and await a further announcement.

Let is be clearly understood, however, that in making this offer we are actuated solely by commercial considerations.

We shall in due course indicate the identifying number.

May we impress upon readers in the Colonies and elsewhere to take special care of their papers until after the number of the millionth copy has been announced?

Billiards at Home.

The more billiards is played the more fascinating does it become, and the game on a Riley's Miniature Table is just as instructive and interesting as on a standard table. There is an additional attraction in your home for all as soon as you buy a Riley's. Whatever size your room there is a Riley Table to fit it.

RILEY'S Billiard Tables

To place on your own Dining Table. CASH OR EASY PAYMENTS.

Superior Billiard Table in Solid Mahogany, French Polished, Best Slate Bed, Adjustable Feet, Rubber Shoe, Low Frost-proof Rubber Cushions, Two Cues, Marking Board, Rest, Ivory or Crystalate Balls, etc.

Cash Price.		13 Monthly
Size 4ft. 4in. by 2ft. 4in., £3 7 6	Or in 13 Monthly Payments as here shown, being only 5 per cent on Cash Price.	Payments of 5 6
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Delivered Carriage Paid to any railway station in the United Kingdom at our risk No charge for Packages. LISTS FREE. Folding Bagatelle Tables from 30/-

RILEY'S Combine Billiard and Dining Tables.

Fitted with Riley's Patent Action for Raising, Lowering, and Levelling. A handsome piece of furniture as a Dining Table and a high-class Billiard Table. Made in Mahogany, Oak, Walnut, etc.

Cash Prices and Sizes:

Size 5ft. 4in. by 2ft. 10in., £13 10 0
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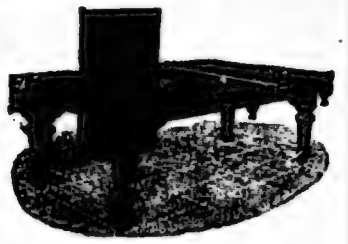


Or in 13 Monthly Instalments, plus 5 per cent. on above cash prices. Also in 18 Monthly Payments.

FREE on receipt of postcard a full detailed Illustrated Catalogue of Billiard and Dining Tables, and small or full-sized Tables and Sundries.

E. J. RILEY, LTD., Regina Works, ACCRINGTON.
B10 **London Showrooms: 147, ALDERSGATE STREET, E.C.** Ⓟ

6½D
"The finest patterns I've ever had!"
"Pyramid" users testify to the attractiveness and faultless taste in "Pyramid" designs. For *every* occasion there is a "Pyramid" pattern that is unquestionably *correct*.
Beautiful designs in ALL-WHITE and in *woven* Border Colours, guaranteed FAST.
SIX FREE if one loses colour in the laundry.
PYRAMID
HANDKERCHIEFS
6½d. each. Half-dozen, 3/3.
Get "Pyramids" from the nearest Outfitter.
If any difficulty write to PYRAMID, Dept. 4, 132, Cheapside, London, E.C.
One Sample handkerchief for 6d. post free.
191

TO H.M. THE KING.

"Black & White" Whisky

Jas. Buchanan & Co., Ltd.,
Glasgow & London.

SHIRLEY PRESIDENT BRACES

are the most comfortable and durable that man can wear.

No strain on the shoulders or trouser buttons The patented sliding cord action assures absolute comfort. This, with the excellence of material, positively guarantees long wearing qualities. The manufacturer's signed guarantee is on every pair of braces.

"Satisfaction, New Pair or Money Back."

Be sure to get the genuine which have "Shirley President" on the Buckles.

Per 2/6 Pair
Of all Hosiers and Outfitters.

Agents: **A. MERCHANT & CO.**
7 Fore Street, London, E. C.

Who supply wholesale houses only.

Is your Pipe ALL you could wish ?

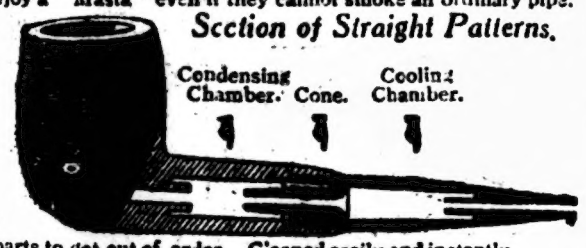
Doesn't it sometimes burn your tongue? Doesn't it sometimes fill your mouth with ill-tasting moisture. The

"MASTA" PIPE

cannot burn your tongue, *cannot* fill your mouth or the pipe-bowl with moisture or nicotine. The "Masta" Patent prevents all that. Everybody can enjoy a "Masta" even if they cannot smoke an ordinary pipe.

Made of best selected briar.

Section of Straight Patterns.



Note the special construction.

No parts to get out of order. Cleaned easily and instantly.
Obtainable of all leading tobacconists. Price 2/6, 4/-, 5/5, 8/- &c. Cheaper quality, 1/-. Write to-day for free booklet. "Points on Pipes." Full of useful hints,

MASTA PIPE CO. (*Dept. 9*) MILNER WORKS, BARNSBURY ST., N.

Irish Linen

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Irish Linen Handkerchiefs.

Ladies' all-linen Hemstitched Handkerchiefs, 2/11 to 12/6 per doz.

Ladies' linen initial Handkerchiefs, any Initial, 6/3 to 13/6 per doz.

Gentlemen's Cambric Handkerchiefs, tape or corded borders, 5/3 to 8/11 per doz.

Gentlemen's Initial Handkerchiefs, pure linen, finely Hemstitched, 8/6 to 15/6 per doz.

Irish Collars and Shirts.

"Castle" Collars, linen faced, single shapes, 4/11, double shapes, 5/11 per doz.

"Matchless" shirts, with four-fold fronts and cuffs, for dress or day wear, each 5/11.

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Robinson & Cleaver, Ltd.

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'NECK OR NOTHING'

. . . . . may be tersely expressed as "Wholehoggedness," and to the man who is indifferent or lacks this spirit in regard to his neck we desire to speak.

* * * * *

So far from not knowing neck-comfort, the majority of men perpetually endure "neck-torture." They subject themselves to semi-strangulation, or, in the other extreme, to the equal discomfort and slovenly appearance of over-looseness. Now that we have made the "Vertex" collar with *QUARTER SIZES* an institution, this indifference to appearance and personal comfort is absurd and unexplainable.

* * * * *

"Vertex" Collars are made in four sizes to the inch: from 14½ to 17½. They are in fifty-five different shapes, and the button-holes are "hand-barred," that is, cross-sewn at each end of the holes, an operation which doubles the life of the collar. London's best collar value at, each ... **6d.**

Selfridge & Co., Ltd.,

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FARROW'S BANK LTD.

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THE PEOPLE'S BANK.

Authorised Share Capital - £500,000

HOME SAVINGS BANK and MONEY BOXES.

FIVE PER CENT. INTEREST.

Illustrated Booklet and Balance Sheet Form.

HEAD OFFICE—

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BRANCHES THROUGHOUT THE KINGDOM.

JUNON
BUST DEVELOPER

is a wonderful preparation that really does develop the bust.

Simple in its use and action—one can carry out the treatment in one's own private room—without trouble or inconvenience of any kind.

Its low price places a perfect development within the reach of all, and any woman who has hitherto been secretly worried about her shrunken and unhealthy appearance should commence this treatment at once.

Send **5/6** and this new and unfailing preparation will be mailed you by return, post free, in plain and sealed wrapper.

Junon Bust Developer is prepared only by the Proprietors and is GUARANTEED HARMLESS.

JUNON Hair TONIC

Restores gloss and Brilliancy—stops hair falling—nourishes and strengthens the roots—removes dandruff—positively makes the hair grow—is a beneficial and pleasant dressing for daily use.

Recommended, for use in conjunction with JUNON Hair Stains Two kinds: Greasy for dry and brittle hair; Non-greasy for greasy hair.

Post **1/- & 2/6** Free

Securely packed in plain package.

JUNON Hair STAIN

This is the only permanent and really satisfactory one-solution hair stain—absolutely harmless—perfectly natural tints—easily applied in one operation—defies detection—does not stain the skin.

In Eight Standard Shades:—
Black, Dark Brown, Medium Brown, Chestnut, Golden Chestnut, Light Golden Chestnut, Golden, Light Golden.

Post **1/- & 2/9** Free

Securely packed in plain package.

JUNON Ltd., Marsham St., Westminster, S.W.

J.E. & CO.

RACING NOTES.

By W. Lotinga.
("*Double U. L.*" *of* Lotinga's Weekly *and* "*Magpie*" *of* The Globe.)

Medley.

Nearly all the racing forces in Holland, where sport has been entirely stopped, are migrating to Belgium.

Although permitted there, Jersey and Guernsey have never had a horse entered or run which has been nominated by a lady.

The three-year-old Grosvenor Gardens was sold for a mere song recently, and it is an extraordinary fact how horses bearing the names of streets or towns are invariably bad. Instances of the moment are Quality Street, Leicester Square, Drury Lane, and Park Lane.

Prophetic.

A little of sport everywhere. At Ayr or Manchester Desborough—a nice two-year-old—may win his race; and, if he goes so far, it is obvious that Jackdaw has some sort of a chance in the Handicap. At either Manchester or Hurst, on the same day,

Feramorz

will win his race; and, with the luck broken, Brewer may actually gain another—the Durham Handicap. In the Prince Edward Handicap, whatever beats Cardinal Beaufort—if he runs—will be the winner.

Pat Connolly, Champion Wrestler of Great Britain, leaves Liverpool on the 25th for America, to wrestle Gotch, the world's champion. Connolly has been giving displays, and offering £10 to any man who could stay 15 minutes against him Connolly has defeated the following champions:—A. Munro, James Essen, Myaki (the Jap), John Lemon (the mighty Swiss), W. Bain, Joe Carrol, Jack Winrow, Peter Bannon, and Con O. Kelly.

John Bull readers had a fine exhibition in the Marine Park Gardens, Portobello, on the 14th—the John Bull Special Free Coupon day.

KEEP YOUR EYE ON "NORTHERN TERRORS."

BERT CLARINGBULL,
FOOTBALL Commission Agent,
LUCERNE, SWITZERLAND.

Send 1d. Postcard for my new and up-to-date Football Coupons. Established 14 years and **not one** unpaid claim. Fair odds and sure payment. Only one name—MY OWN.

Only One Address, LUCERNE, SWITZERLAND.

FOOTBALL.

THE SPORTSMAN, July 14th, 1911, says:—
"BERT FRY, one of the best known of the Flushing Turf Accountants, has removed his offices to Basle, Switzerland."

BERT FRY, BALE 2, SWITZERLAND.

TRUTH, April 27th, 1910, says:—
". . . I have never had any reason to doubt his readiness and ability to meet his engagements."

Absolutely every match in the 4 Leagues to choose from excepting Scottish Queen's Park.

NEW EASY COUPONS. FREE POSTAGE.

Enormous increase of odds.

£25 FREE PRIZE EVERY WEEK.

SPECIAL HALF-TIME SHEET ISSUED.

My Racing terms at S. P. and for future events are a revelation to the Sporting World.

Send 1d. postcard stating if you require Football or Racing or both.

The Great American "Winning" Plan.

NOT A SYSTEM. It **POINTS** out **CLEARLY** the **ACTUAL "NAME"** of only **"ONE" HORSE A DAY** hours before **RACING** to back for **"ONE" RACE A DAY** at **LEVEL STAKES.** No increasing or doubling. **NO WIRES. NO HELP AT ALL.** With a trifling capital you can easily make £20 upwards weekly by this **SMART NOVEL PLAN**, and this you will admit after **VERIFYING OUR WORKING PROOF RESULTS** which will be sent for stamped address. **BEWARE OF IMITATORS** and **DAILY SYSTEM WIRES**, the "proofs" of which **CANNOT BE VERIFIED.** We have **WON APPLAUSE** from the **SPORTING LIFE, L.L.**, of the **PEOPLE, JOHN BULL, LOTINGA'S WEEKLY, RACING WORLD,** Etc. **THE UMPIRE** says: The Great American Winning Plan is an excellent, workable, and brilliant idea." **NOW READY. OUR GIGANTIC £1000 INSPIRED "DOUBLE"** for the **CESAREWITCH** and **CAMBRIDGESHIRE. Post 5/- quick.**

The RACING STUD, High Road, Turnham Green, Chiswick.

MOTTO "PRIVACY."

Why Send Money Abroad

When you can do business direct with

CHARLES VILLIERS CHAPMAN

The Man who has gained the confidence of the Public by his Straighforward Methods, and whose Terms are the most Liberal and Comprehensive of any

TURF ACCOUNTANT IN EUROPE

NO LIMIT. NO COMMISSION.

Books now open on

CESAREWITCH AND CAMBRIDGESHIRE.

Full Market Odds.

Double Events a Speciality.

If you want to invest 5s. or £100 on a horse, see that you select a Turf Accountant from whom you can obtain the most advantageous terms, together with unquestionable security.

The cardinal features of Liberal Terms, Straightforward Treatment, Unquestionable Security, and the Strictest Privacy characterise all transactions with Charles Villiers Chapman.

THE SPORTING LIFE—
"It needs system to conduct a business of the dimensions of Mr. Charles Villiers Chapman."

SPORTSMAN—
"His feature is No Limit."

JOHN BULL—
"One of the leading and most responsible Turf Accountants of the day."

MORNING ADVERTISER—
"One of the largest operators of the present day."

THE SPORTING TIMES—
"Photographs have been specially taken of the various departments in his palatial offices, so that clients may see the sort of firm they are doing business with."

WINNING POST—
"One of the largest operators on the Turf of the present day, who has built up a large clientele by his liberal terms and his fairness."

ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS—
"One of the largest and most spirited operators of the day."

LOTINGA'S WEEKLY—
"He is clearly doing a big and a genuine business."

EVENING TIMES—
"One of the leading operators in London."

WRITE TO-DAY FOR THE ILLUSTRATED REVIEW BOOKLET CONTAINING PHOTOGRAPHS OF MY OFFICES, AND LEARN SOMETHING OF THE FIRM WITH WHOM YOU SHOULD TRANSACT YOUR BUSINESS.

24-26, MADDOX STREET, LONDON, W.

Telegrams: "*Repayable, London.*"
Telephones: 890 *Mayfair* (10 lines)

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The Oldest Established Football Accountants in the World.

FOOTBALL!

Send a 1d. postcard for the most liberal price list issued.
Absolutely every Match in the English (1st & 2nd divisions) and Southern Leagues to pick from. Commissions also accepted for Scottish League.

£25 FREE OFFER open to all Clients.

The "Mirror of Life" for Oct. 22nd says:—
"Messrs. H. Hamilton & Co. have won for themselves an exceptional reputation for prompt payments, and we have no hesitation in recommending the Firm as a thoroughly reliable one."

Our Football Annual sent free on mentioning this paper.

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